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MILLER MANNING

OR, A STORY OF CORNISH LIFE.

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OR,

A STORY OF CORNISH LIFE.

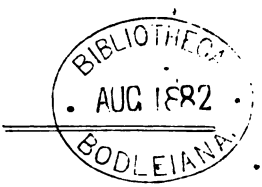
MILLER MANNING;

OR,

A Story of Cornish Life.

BY

MATTHEW FORESTER.



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PREFACE.

—:o:—

I HAVE been asked to introduce "Miller Manning" to the reading public. But surely the "dear old man" does not require any formal introduction. I felt as if, while reading this true "Story of Cornish Life," listening to the voice of an intimate friend, and gazing on scenes with which I was quite familiar; a sufficient proof of the skill and fidelity with which the "Story" is told. Its simplicity, its distinctness, its vivacity, and its charming naturalness will, we think, win for it a way into many a home and heart. But such characters as "Miller Manning"—and there have been many such, though all too few—are not to be *admired* only, they should surely be *imitated*. All that is best and noblest in them is not of earthly growth, so much as it is of heavenly descent; not of human attainment so much as it is a divine gift. Wonderful as was the genius of Bunyan, still more wonderful was the grace of God that was in him; useful as was "Billy Bray," it was not because of his eccentricities, but chiefly because the Spirit of

God worked by him mightily; and "Miller Manning was a man of "light and leading" in his neighbourhood, not mainly because he had naturally greater force of character and resources than most of his neighbours, but because of his firmer hold of Christ, his clearer views of truth, his stronger convictions of duty, and his lifelong consistency and devotedness. May God multiply such men a hundredfold in all the churches; then complaints that the Gospel has lost its power would be hushed into silence, the prejudices of unbelievers would melt away as does the ice beneath the summer sun, and the triumphs of the Gospel would be multiplied and increased daily on every hand.

F. W. BOURNE.

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MILLER MANNING:

A STORY OF CORNISH LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MILLER AND HIS WIFE—A WRECK—A GHOST STORY—THE VESTRY MEETING.

WALTER MANNING, the subject of the following story, was a Cornish man, a Methodist local preacher, and by occupation a miller. He was generally spoken of as "Miller Manning," but towards the latter part of his life he was not unfrequently called "Old Walter." He was in the sixty-third year of his age when I became acquainted with him. He stood erect, was over six feet in height, broad at chest and shoulders, had finely marked features, his hair and beard, of which he had abundance, silvery white. To a stranger, his *wife* would not appear his equal in any respect. She was short, and, through affliction, bore a stooping gait; and seemed more loquacious than agreeable; frequently uttering contradictions, dissent or disapproval, whatever might be the topic of conversation. It struck me as being remarkably droll to witness Walter's

utter disregard of her observations; his perfect *nonchalance* to her presence, and movements, and sayings, together with the calmness with which she submitted to be ignored. On further acquaintance, I found that she was one of the most agreeable and generous creatures in the world. She had fallen into the habit of "*thinking aloud*," and while moving about the house attending to her own duties, would talk the thoughts which occurred to her mind, and which might be suggested by conversation carried on within her hearing; and nothing would surprise her more than to discover that her musings were noticed. She was always at work. She never quarrelled. The house was always clean. A seat always ready for a visitor. The "*Black angel*" always "singing" the promises as she hung on the long crook, just a little one side of the main body of the homely hearth fire. And never was I in the house half an hour before being asked to sit up to table and take a "cup of tea."

They were millers—I say "they," for she could manage the mill as well as he could. So could the children. Jim, their youngest, whom they called "the boy," was nineteen. The eldest had a wife and family, and lived at a mill a mile and-a-half higher up the stream in the same valley. Charming places, these mill-homes in Cornwall! You approach them, necessarily, by steep descent, whence you look down on them, overhung by the boughs of tall elms or spreading oaks, and surrounded by orchards, meadows,

and sloping woods; while your ears are charmed with the selough, selough, selough, of the mill-wheel, the gentle murmur of the stream, cackling hens, crowing cocks, and other rural sounds.

It was in 1861 that I first called at Walter's happy home. I kept up the intercourse three years. I wish it could be thirty-three, for a right sort of Christian was he, and that the reader will say when he has heard about him. I shall always remember the initiatory ceremony. One Monday afternoon it was, in the month of September. I was passing; a perfect stranger. He happened, then, to cross the road from an orchard with a basketfull of windfalls. We exchanged time of the day, etc., and he asked me in. "Come in," said he; "come in! Mother'l make 'ee a cup of tay. You don't know me yet, but you will know me soon. I'm Walter Manning. I heard you preach in Yardley Chapel last night. I hope the Lord will give 'ee many souls. There be many good Christians about here, but a lot do still want to be converted. But, come in, come in. Plenty time to get to St. Otenton. I don't mind running up with 'ee, if you'll accept my company." By this time we had reached the house, and he was introducing me to—"Mrs. Manning. Mr. ——, my dear; the stranger that preached at Yardley last night. I shall go with'n to St. Otenton, after we've had a cup of tay." "I dare say," said Mrs. Manning; "always pushing yourself forwards where you ben't a-wanted." "Do 'ee sit down, sir," she said to me;

"we be very glad to have 'ee call any time. Must'n look for invitations." And I am most pleased to say that a happy and lasting friendship resulted from this incidental call.

The road from Barcombe mill to St. Otenton led through a wood, very steep and rugged, then an open piece of ground, gradually descending to "Dennan Cove;" thence under cliff for two hundred yards, when the tide was out; but over the cliffs, by a craggy and difficult pass, called "Jacob's Ladder," when the water covered the beach. While passing here we halted, and Walter related to me one of the perilous and intensely interesting incidents of his life; which the reader shall have in his own words. He commenced by observing the pretty appearance of the sea, as it reflected the glowing rays of the setting sun. "'Tis beautiful now, sir," said he; "but 'tis most awful in rough weather, when the wind's to sea. Ah, sir, many fine craft hath gone to pieces 'gainst the clitter there (pointing to a cluster of small rocks at the southern side of the cove); and many a poor sailor hath found a watery grave there, sir. It came to my lot, sir, and I was fortunate enough to save all hands from a skiff, which went to pieces there on the 10th of March, 1841. The night had been pitchy dark, and blowing a hurricane from the 'norwest.' I shall never forget that night. Bitterly cold it was. The craft was seen off the Gulrock in the evening trying in vain to keep to sea. I went to bed; but I could not sleep much. Whether there is anything in

dreams or no I do not know, but I was all night battling with the breakers, and shrieking till the dawn of day, when I arose and came down to see what had become of her. And oh! there she was! Her bow stuck fast on the clitter, while the sea kept breaking over her! Oh, 'twas a sad sight! Three poor fellows—a poor old captain with a wooden leg, a boy, and an able seaman—looking as much dead as alive, waiting their fate. No one could get near them (no *life-boat or rocket on the coast at this period*). 'Well, what,' said I, 'must these three poor dears perish in sight o' land? So many of us looking on? Can't nothing be done?' said I. 'O good Lord, help!' I looked at the rocks and at the breakers, and went down the cliffs. It was within an hour of high water, when most of the rocks would be covered, and all would be over with them. I got on that bold one (a rock which he was pointing out) and a big sea took me off, and while I was recovering I heard the people on the heights screaming. They thought I should drown too. But, thanks to Almighty God, I swam around, and a big backwater (a receding wave) carried me right a top of the 'Wild Boar' (one of the cluster of rocks, so called, from its fancied resemblance to the animal of that name). The sea broke over me three times. I had a good holdfast, else I should have been knocked off. Howsomever, I knew I could not stand many swampings of that fashion; so said I, to the men in the vessel, 'Throw a rope!' But the poor fellows were so weak that neither of them could

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...l; but we had steady stays, and the rope a ... So I slipped a cord around the waist of ...nger, and over the rope, and the men on ... by a line; then the old cap'n, next the ...st, before me, the sailor; then I was over ...uick as a bird. The wrecked were taken ...don Inn,' and cared for. The vicar wrote ... and Plymouth, and Swansea, and got ...me. But the poor moulder sank under ...p and was buried in St. Otenton church- ...ll you about his sickness, and repentance, ...another time; but he was cast in upon ...in order to be saved from the waves of ...air."

...rable impression which the fine and frank ... made on my mind, while at the mill- ...mensely heightened, as the reader may ...he description of this thrilling adventure. ...sly drew closer to him as we proceeded, ...f in the presence of a mighty man. The ...escue, with the scene before our eyes, ...agination, from whence all my small ideas ... Otenton, I took for my text, Acts xxvii. ... so it came to pass that they escaped all ..." For I was under so great a spell, that ...d rescue refused to quit my mind. I ... about "Friend Manning" than Christ; ...bout the wooden-legged captain than I ...Paul.

...ortably lodged at St. Otenton in the house

put the rope nearer than four or five yards of me. Our position was perilous now, and no mistake. 'Throw again,' said I. And, says I to myself, I must spring or perish. Out got the man—the able man—not the one-legged man—on the bowsprit, to be near to me, because she lay crossways, and the rope came within a few feet. Off I leaped! Yes, sir! saying, 'O God, if I shall save them, help; if not, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' A hard struggle I had. The curling currents there carried me one way, and the rope another. Ah, sir, 'twas a struggle, that. I never was so near drowning. I got the rope after all, and climbed the 'Skipper,' that upright rock right there, sir. And, having made fast the rope, '*Now!*' said I. So the boy came first, and crossed the span —about eighteen feet—all right. Then the old cap'n with the timber'n leg. Ah, that was a sight to see! That poor old sticking-out timber'n leg over the rope! Well, when I got him on the solid rock I thought the worst was over; but, to my surprise, and everybody's on the cliffs, up came a passenger from below! And, though he had two legs, he was more feeble and helpless than the old cap'n. An elderly man; a moulder from Swansea, going to the foundry, down to Hayle. So the sailor helped him and urged him. He was a long while. The seas kept hoisting the stern, slackening our rope down close to the water, next minute tightening of it so violently as almost to snap! The able man came last. Well, there we were, all five of us. The span four or five times greater than that

just passed; but we had steady stays, and the rope a strong one. So I slipped a cord around the waist of the old passenger, and over the rope, and the men on the cliff drew by a line; then the old cap'n, next the boy, and last, before me, the sailor; then I was over almost as quick as a bird. The wrecked were taken to the 'London Inn,' and cared for. The vicar wrote to London, and Plymouth, and Swansea, and got them sent home. But the poor moulder sank under the hardship and was buried in St. Otenton churchyard. I'll tell you about his sickness, and repentance, and salvation another time; but he was cast in upon these rocks in order to be saved from the waves of eternal despair."

The favourable impression which the fine and frank old man had made on my mind, while at the mill-house, was immensely heightened, as the reader may suppose, by the description of this thrilling adventure. I unconsciously drew closer to him as we proceeded, feeling myself in the presence of a mighty man. The wreck, the rescue, with the scene before our eyes, filled my imagination, from whence all my small ideas fled. At St. Otenton, I took for my text, Acts xxvii. 44:—"And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land." For I was under so great a spell, that the wreck and rescue refused to quit my mind. I spoke more about "Friend Manning" than Christ; and more about the wooden-legged captain than I did about Paul.

I was hospitably lodged at St. Otenton in the house

of a kind friend, whose excellent qualities, I am afraid, I was not prepared fully to appreciate, in consequence of the complete possession of my thoughts by Walter. Fortunately, "Miller Manning" was a welcome subject of conversation in the family; and there did not appear to be any end of remarkable incidents in connection with him which they were proud to relate. The following are a sample which will illustrate his character, and, I think, procure universal admiration. Observe, I do not give the stories in the chronological order in which the events occurred; but, rather, as I gathered them. Hence the following amusing account, though given now, only occurred towards the latter part of Walter's life.

THE QUIETING OF THE GHOST OF "COBBLER NICHOLS."

The reader should be informed that, until very recently, faith in *apparitions* was a part of the religion of Cornwall. At present, it is only the very aged and illiterate who believe in the appearance of ghosts; but at the time to which the present story relates—so marvellously rapid has been the intellectual improvement of the Cornish people—it was considered a most impious act to question the reality of the spirits of the departed returning and haunting the scenes and habitations of their former lives. And many are the "true stories" of persons "*coming again*" to the terror of the living. Parties have been known to pine and sicken from prolonged terror, arising from the imagined presence of the spirits of the deceased.

The present story is of a singular character, even for a "CORNISH GHOST STORY." Cobbler Nichols followed the occupation indicated by his cognomen. He had a small house in the village, and worked at a bench before the kitchen window. He disliked this part of the house for a workshop, wishing to occupy a room which Nannie, his wife, insisted upon being "kept up for a parlour." This difference was a source of perpetual disagreement between Cobbler and Nannie Nichols. Nannie carried her point, as unreasonable women always do; and Cobbler worked in the cold draughts of the frequently opening kitchen-door, all the days of his able life, in front of the kitchen-window. Like all other men, Cobbler died, and was buried. And, like all other women, Nannie cried and wore mourning; and was condoled by her friends. But Nannie was not left in lonely mournfulness long—so the story goes; for, on the seventh day after the funeral—the usual time for apparitions to begin—on her return from a visit to her brother, on coming near the house, she heard Cobbler hammering away at his lapstone as he was wont to do in his lifetime, and whistling to the tune of "Rory O'More," a favourite air of his. For a moment she forgot that he was dead. She seemed not to realise the fact of her loss, till, on her turning the key in the door, it flashed upon her mind. "To be sure," she muttered, "why he's dead!" Still the hammering and whistling continued. And, to the increase of Nannie's terror, Cobbler had changed workshops!

He had shifted his bench from kitchen to parlour! Of course Nannie could not enter the house without some good company; Cobbler's ghost being there at work. So she retraced her steps to her brother's, and "fainted away" as soon as she entered. Always after that, Cobbler followed his occupation with as much diligence and industry as only a ghost could endure, till Old Miller Manning put him to rest; which, however, was not till poor Nannie was weary of her life from the everlasting hammer, lapstone, and "Rory O'More." On the advice of her brothers and friends she left the house. But as well she had not; for, whether for love or revenge, Cobbler followed with hammer, lapstone, and "Rory O'More." Nannie gave up housekeeping, and went to lodge with Suie Gendall, who was confident Cobbler would not haunt her little housen; "for," said she, "there's no room for'n to work." But Cobbler soon enlightened their ignorance, and by his presence informed them that spirits can find room where bodies cannot. In the middle of the wall—they believed it was—by night and by day, he duly followed his trade. Affairs now assumed a serious aspect. At first, Cobbler was shy, and refused to work in the presence of any but Nannie. Latterly, however, he had not been so particular. Nannie's brother and some other members of the family heard him; and, by this time, it had become the topic of general and widespread table-talk. All the usual means for "laying ghosts" or "putting spirits to rest" had been exhausted; and

Nannie became an object of universal commiseration. The last resource in such cases was to call in the aid of the parson of the parish, and the parsons of three adjoining parishes, who, by their united learning, had always been able to "bind down" those invisible troublers. Alas, for poor Nannie! This final and costly effort was as ineffectual as that of changing houses, carrying the Prayer-book and Psalter, keeping a crowing cock at her bed's head, and other foolish things. People said, "Death makes a world of difference. He used to be submissive, and always gave way to Nannie; now he is determined to have it all his own way." Some hard-hearted wretches said, "serve her right; if she had not been so cross to him, but agreed for him to work in the parlour, as she called it, the 'snug little box,' he called it, he would not trouble her now."

Be that as it may, our "Walter" knew the secret. Though, mind, he believed in ghosts. How could he help it? His father and mother believed in ghosts, and everybody around him believed in ghosts. But he believed that, when the spirit of the dead came again, the apparition was permitted for some good purpose. Hence Cobbler Nichols was come back to punish Nannie for disagreeable conduct, and to make a public example of her, for a warning—as he said—to all cross women. With this notion he proffered his services. He offered to sit up and watch; which he did three whole nights. And for three whole nights Cobbler never did a stroke of

work, nor whistled a single note. "Now," said the miller, "you see he has no ill will towards me. But you used to be cross to him; you know you did; and he will not let you be quiet till you say you are very sorry." "Oh, Mister Manning," said she, "I *be very sorry*, I be, sure I be *very, very*," crying and wringing her hands. "Well, then, if you will say a charm at the church-gate on Sunday morning, when the people are coming out, he'll never trouble you any more. And I'll teach you the charm, and this is of it:—

"O good women! warning take!
Be to your husbands kind and good;
Never cross them for my poor sake,
That when they die, in peace may rest
Nor ever come again.
Good Cobbler Nichols, may thou rest,
O may thou rest for ever!
Nor come again to mortal homes,
O never! No, No, NEVER!
In the name of the church, and the steeple, and all the grave-stones.'"

To this poor Nannie raised a despairing cry. "Oh, Mister Manning! Mister Manning! I be'n't no scholar. I can't tell't right; I be sure I can't." "Well," said our friend, "I'll go with you, and you shall say after me, like the folks do in church after the parson."

The news ran over the whole neighbourhood. Old Walter Manning, the Methodist, was coming to church on Sunday to put down Cobbler Nichols. Every man, woman, and child, within seven miles of

enton, was at church-town on Sunday, to wit-
the mysterious and solemn performance. It
considerable time, in consequence of Nannie's
lation. She had to be put through several of
ntences two or three times over, in order that
owd should distinctly hear.
ter had prepared an "exhortation," to the
that we all should live in peace, and mutual
nd good will. That those who had disputes,
d settle them as quickly as possible whilst they
alive, as it was so very difficult to bring parties
ndship after one of them was dead. "It is,"
e, "more difficult, in all such cases, to quiet
nsciences of the haunted persons, than it was
et the ghost that haunted them."
m that memorable Sunday, Cobbler Nichols
ver been heard nor seen, nor has any other
dared to return in that part of the county.

THE VESTRY MEETING.

r friend was a Methodist, as stated in the fore-
story. Most all original and eccentric men in
wall are Methodists. I do not attempt to ac-
for it. Whether that sort of character is the
hich Methodism is sure to take in, or, that Meth-
germinates and develops the character, I do not
but be that as it may, he was a Methodist. Not
ge, we hope, for all Methodists renounce
y; but, being a payer of tithes and rates, fan-
he had a right to speak and vote in parish busi-
The tithes of St. Otenton were worth £350

per annum, besides a glebe worth £50 per annum. The vicar, at the time in question, was a good man enough, and, as it ought to be, a very learned man, and thought to be the wisest man in the parish, excepting Miller Manning, who shared with him the esteem and respect of the public generally. Indeed, these were two very celebrated men; the one for his learning and sacred office, the other for his wit, sound judgment, and honesty of character. No doubt, though, as to the preponderance of Walter's influence, but for the awful reverence in which people in those days were accustomed to hold men of the cloth. These two leading men—I think we may call them—managed to keep on good terms. Always most civil and respectful. The vicar was a very judicious gentleman; knew when to push a point, and when to make a concession. To his politic qualities, it is scarcely too much to say, must be attributed the good terms conserved between two men so widely differing in religious sentiment and parochial interest. However, matters were brought to a point when a rate was proposed for draining the churchyard. Everybody knew the churchyard to be on good dry soil, and that the channel must needs be cut through a portion of the glebe which had bogs in it, and which would consequently be drained by so doing; and that the real object of the proposal was, no one doubted, to get the parson's meadow drained at the cost of the parishioners.

The miller stood up for the parish. Some questioned the propriety of the means which he employed

in order to baffle his reverend friend and associates; but the end will certainly commend itself. And, as an illustration of resource and tact, the proceedings are admirable; and for that purpose I insert them, without expressing any opinion as to his consistency. But it would not be fair to pass judgment without taking the whole situation into account. There was no doubt of the proposed outlay being an attempt at imposition. But in those days palpable wrongs were of frequent occurrence. Two or three gentlemen—the clergyman, the squire, and one or two leading farmers—were virtually and actually the governing body in all local matters. Outspoken opposition to those oligarchies was of rare occurrence, and still more rarely accomplished its end, or prevented the abuse against which it might be uttered, while it rendered its author obnoxious to the "powers that be." A superstitious dread of clerical displeasure kept all classes in gloomy submission, muttering murmurs under a sense of wrong. Afraid to offer active opposition, lest the supernatural powers of the parson should be provoked to bring upon them the awful miseries of which they had so often heard. Such as unnatural bodily affliction, incurable sores, partial blindness, morbid appetite, craving for nauseous and disgusting substances, being worried by sprites and hobgoblins, blighted crops in their fields, and bad luck in their cattle, &c., &c. To a sensible man, in such a situation, almost any means by which public interest might be defended, would appear warrantable. Miller Manning having acquired an

unbounded regard, on account of his piety, sound judgment, and, above all, since the quieting of the ghost of Cobbler Nichols, his power over the inhabitants of the invisible world, had no scruple as to the use he should make of his influence, so long as it was directed to a good purpose. Be that as it may, he certainly did utilise the credulity of the age, by which he rallied his fellow-parishioners to public opposition to the powers, and thereby prevented an act of injustice. He made them believe that he could work as many wonders as the parson. "Don't be afraid," said he; "you know our parson and the parsons of three parishes besides could not put down Cobbler Nichols!" So it came to pass, for the first time in the world's history, that the farmers and tradesmen of St. Otenton rallied to a vestry meeting. And feeling safe under the wing of "Old Walter," outvoted the clergyman and his party. The subject dropped. "God's acre" never wanted draining. The vicar drained his bog, and paid the cost like another honest man; and he and the miller lived in passive respect for each other, as wise men always do. But the spell was broken. The people began to study their public duties, and to act without the apprehension and servility which always accompany ignorance and superstition. We have, I think, in this instance, a fine contribution to the development of that public spirit and manly independence which characterises the people of the rural parishes of *Cornwall* at the present time.

CHAPTER II.

THEOLOGICAL AND CLASSICAL LEARNING—A REVIVAL STORY —THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

THIS story reveals an altogether different phase of character. As a "local preacher," Miller Manning was more popular than most of his brethren, and commanded as large audiences as any of the "Rounders," as the itinerant Methodist ministers were called. To the adherents of the old church it was not agreeable to find the people flocking to the Methodists. "The church," they said, "is the place people ought to attend. And, moreover, the Holy Bible contained many things hard to be understood, which they that were unlearned did often wrest to their own destruction! For men, said they, who could not read Hebrew and Greek, to set themselves up as ministers, was a most unwarrantable and wicked thing." And for the people to run away after these unauthorised pretenders, forsaking their lawful pastors and teachers whom God had set over them, was to make themselves partakers of other men's sins, and must bring upon themselves, sooner or later, the "just recompense of their reward"—the vengeance of the Almighty. To all this "small talk," as Walter called it, he turned a deaf ear. And he well might, while he could look upon the fruits of

the earnest ministrations of his fellow-labourers and himself, in the exemplary lives and honest Christian profession of the people of the meeting-houses, their resignation in affliction, and their triumph in death. But when occasion required, he was always ready "to give an answer to any man who asked him for a reason of the hope that was in him with meekness and fear."

He being the "ringleader of the Methodists," SQUIRE RECHAR thought it not at all unworthy his honour and ability to undertake to convert Miller Manning from the error of his ways. This Squire Rechar was an advanced man for one of his class. He enjoyed public esteem for his generosity, he encouraged morality and befriended industry, and supplied a circulating library at his own cost. He was what we should call a man of "public spirit;" and was an officer in a corps of volunteers called, I think, "*The Killigorangers.*" Dennan Court, his residence, was notable for its antiquity. Environed by

> "Reverend trees of ages growth that made
> Around the ancient pile a deep monastic shade."

He had a museum, an aquarium, &c., &c. Well, he threw down the gauntlet, and Walter took it up.

"I wish to see you at Court," said the squire, as he passed by on his horse one morning, where our friend was attending to some watercourses in one of his meadows; "but how is it you don't attend church, Manning?" To this sudden and somewhat peremptory demand Walter made a steady and cautious

answer. His first impulse was to reply curtly, and say, "Why? Because I choose to go elsewhere." Then an evasive answer struck his mind, but neither of these courses commended itself. So he said, "Well, sir, that is a question of some importance, and not to be satisfactorily answered in an off-hand way; I shall have no objection to explain to your honour at a convenient season. When will your honour be at leisure?" "O Mr. Manning! excuse me; you are quite right. I was abrupt. Call any morning after ten."

Now Walter had never encountered an intellectual equal; for, though not an educated man, he had read more than his neighbours, and through his intimacy with Methodist preachers he had gained a considerable amount of practical information, so that his conversation generally took the form of counsel and advice rather than disputation. Indeed, none of his neighbours would presume to dispute with him. He was esteemed an oracle, and unaccustomed to contradiction. Now, however, he knew that he was called upon to defend his faith before an opponent possessing—humanly speaking—every advantage; and that it became him to "quit himself like a man." He must not "shun to declare the whole counsel of God." Yet, he must, as far as possible, avoid giving offence.

At the interview, he wisely stood on the defensive. After salutation and observations about the weather, and some small items of local news, the business

began. "Now, Manning," said the squire, "the church is the proper place to worship God in. I don't say you are not to visit the sick, and pray and read to them, and do good as you have opportunity; it is our duty, if we are qualified for it. I am sorry to say I have no ability that way, but you have, and I hope you will be rewarded; but every one ought to go to church. It is the proper place, where all our forefathers went; which the good laws of our very highly-favoured land have provided, and require us to attend. Yes," continued the squire, "the church is God's house and holy. Our own good sense must tell us that barns, and kitchens, and the like unconsecrated buildings are very improper places. 'Let all things be done decently and in order,' Mr. Manning! Besides, sir, we have lawfully-ordained 'pastors and teachers,' whom God has set over us; and do you not think it is a very great sin to despise the DIVINELY APPOINTED MINISTERS OF GOD?"

Walter replied: "I have not a word, your honour, to say against the church. 'Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands; as saith the prophet, Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; WHAT HOUSE will ye build me, saith the Lord, or what is the peace of my rest?' (Acts vii. 48, 49). And, sir, 'The hour cometh, and *now is*, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.' (John iv. 23.) As to kitchens and barns, and other unconsecrated houses being

improper, I hope your honour does not suppose that the Lord regardeth the size, or shape, or name of a building, when 'The heavens are His throne, and the earth His footstool.' I think that if the Lord were a respecter of places, the Saviour would have been born in the TEMPLE and not in the STABLE, and he would not have preached standing in a fishing-smack, or on the hillside. Besides, sir, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Now, you attend the magistrate's meetings, and I have often been very sorry to think of all the plague and trouble you've got to fine and punish the evil doers, the drunkards, and other disorderly characters; 'tis not for us to boast; we be all fallen creatures; but, your honour, you know, I have never been fined for drunkenness, nor have any of the meeting-people. Your honour can't say that of the church folks! And, now, sir, as for the parsons being lawfully ordained and divinely appointed teachers, I do not pretend to know much about the law of ordination of the clergy; but I fancy that the men, whom we know God did ordain and appoint (I mean the holy apostles) and the parsons of our day are very different sorts of men. They were poor working men, while all our parsons are rich men's sons. They said, 'It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables. . . . . but we will give ourselves continually unto prayer and the ministry of the Word.' Now, sir, that is what those divinely-appointed men did with their time; how do the parsons spend theirs? Our vicar,

it is true, does not keep a pack, but he rides with your honour after yours; and"—here the squire interrupted—"We must not 'speak evil of dignities.' The holy ministers of God must be 'esteemed very highly for their works' sake.' It is not reasonable that unlearned men, working men, tradesmen, carpenters, and, excuse me, I do not mean any personal offence, *millers*, and shoemakers, can understand the mysteries of religion. The clergy have been prepared, by long and costly training at the college, and must not be forsaken. You preach very often; and I am informed, and assured, that you are the best preacher of all the Methodists. Yet you never were at college. You never knew Hebrew nor Greek. Who, sir, I should like to know, can instruct us in the way to heaven, but those whose education has been especially for that purpose?"

Seeing that the squire was a little irritated, Walter allowed these observations to pass; and, with much meekness, remarked that man's knowledge of Divine things was very limited, and that we could have nothing unless it were given to us from above; proposed prayer, and, without waiting for the squire's consent, dropped on his knees and addressed a humble and earnest petition to God. He was at his usual work now—fervent prayer. He was notable for that, and knew from experience that—

> "This engine, wisely put in use,
> Does more than cannons do."

On this occasion he was favoured with, what Methodists call, *Liberty*. The great white throne, the slaughtered Lamb, the sacrificial blood, and the offices of the Spirit, were all magnified and brought nigh. God did signally honour His Son Jesus, and bless His appointed means. An indescribable awe took possession of both the gentleman and the miller. When they rose their eyes were moistened. The squire, reaching out his hand, intending to terminate the interview, said, "We must meet again, my friend. It is not convenient to prolong our conversation this morning." "At your honour's pleasure, any time," Walter politely responded; but wishing to follow up a good impression—a happy thought striking his mind, continued, "Your honour, I believe, has a map of the parish." "Yes! oh, yes! And I have studied it thoroughly, know every body's right, every acre, road, foot-path, and water-course,—and if you want any information I shall be most happy to oblige you." "Well, your honour, you recollect a while ago, when on foot, you wished to go across the fields and woods to Trebendon?" "Yes, O yes! and you sent the little girl to conduct me. I am very much obliged to you, and the little girl too."—He thought that Walter was reminding him of his indebtedness.—"She was very proud to render you the service, your honour. I mention it to remind us both, that very humble agents are sometimes very useful. Now, sir, that little child never saw the map of the parish; she does not know what

a map is, whereas your honour knows every path of the parish on the map; yet, when you had to walk in it you were glad of the child to show you the way, and she showed you the way by walking in it herself. Now, sir, to be plain, it is one thing to be educated at the college, and to be a perfect Hebrew and Greek scholar, and another to be able to show the way to heaven. Our vicar, I hope, knows the doctrines of the Christian religion as perfectly as your honour knows the map of the parish: but, you see, knowing the map and walking in the path are two very different things. I tell you, sir," continued he, and, waxing warm, he displayed, unconsciously, his natural oratory—'God hath withheld these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes!' and, 'Except ye be converted, and become as a little child, ye can in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven!' *You* remember, sir, that when the late Sir Charles ——, and he was an intimate friend of yours, was in his last illness and upon his dying bed, no peace could he find till Francis Jago went to see him. Sir Charles was a very learned man, and studied philosophy, and one of his sons is a dignitary of the church, and your honour knows that he was daily visited by the vicar and received the sacrament, and all no good. But when my friend Jago pointed him to 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world,' the Lord did bless that humble and unlearned instrument, and Sir Charles found peace through believing and died happy. And was not his

dying testimony worth notice? Your honour, I hope, will excuse my boldness. And may the Lord make you a still greater blessing to the parish and to the world." So saying, Walter bowed and went away; leaving the squire to his meditations.

A REVIVAL STORY.

In the time of the great religious excitement in America and the United Kingdom, about the years 1859—60, mid-day prayer-meetings and other united services were held all over the country. At these gatherings, many signal answers to prayer were related; and husbands, wives, children, brothers, sisters, and friends, were publicly nominated as especial subjects for supplication. Many were the "dreams and visions," by which the Almighty was said to comfort "anxious inquirers," awaken the thoughtless, and correct the prejudices of mistaken zealots. Besides the mid-day meetings, Sunday afternoons were appropriated, in the towns all over the country, and also in the metropolis in the public halls, where all sects could meet on "neutral ground," as it was called. Short addresses, the relation of "experience," and the narration of *remarkable* incidents, were all the demand. Sermons were not at all in requisition. A vast amount of "frothy liquor" was served on these occasions. And "the pure milk of the Word" was awfully diluted, not with the cleanest water. Loads of "pietistic cant" were discharged and eagerly devoured. Notwithstanding all this, some of the accounts were as

genuine as those recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and as infallibly demonstrate evangelical doctrine. The following story shall speak for itself. At one of the lecture halls in London, on a Sunday afternoon, in February, 1860, a country gentleman rose and related the following remarkable occurrence. He commenced by quoting part of Cowper's hymn:—

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

Then he said, "I have been all my life a lover of virtue and good order, and conscientiously believed that the Established Church was the only right place of divine worship, and the only way to heaven, and that the clergy were the only lawful ministers of religion, and felt it my bounden duty to exert my influence against all other sects, until a year ago God graciously enlightened my understanding by a dream, and showed me that I was in error. In my dream (in the day-time, mark!) I thought I was in a rural part of the country, seated on my horse, where two roads met, and near a gate leading into a field. I saw an old labourer come out with his garment loosely thrown over his shoulders, and a piece of plain pastry in his hand, which he called his dinner, and which he was eating with an appetite. There chanced to ride along a gentleman on a splendid steed, to whom the labourer made obeisance, and said, 'Servant, sir!' 'Good day, my man,' said the gentleman; 'I suppose you are working near here?' 'Yes, sir, said the peasant; 'in this field, preparing

manure.' 'Do you find it necessary to manure the land?' inquired the gentleman. 'Oh yes, sir,' the other replied; 'else we couldn't get good crops.' Now, whether for his amusement, or enlightenment, I could not tell, the gentleman began to talk philosophically to the poor man about the processes of vegetation, the astronomical situation of the earth, the causes of heat and cold, of which the poor man knew nothing. The enlightened gentleman expressed great surprise at the peasant's ignorance, and asked him his age, when the old man became talkative, for the question opened his way to a theme on which he was eloquent. 'Sixty, sir, last birthday; and I was thirty-five afore I knew anything about religion. Thirty years 'tis since I were converted. I be always sorry to think how long I lived in sin and folly; and what a great mercy 'twas I hadn't been cut off in the midst of it, and banished for ever from the presence of the Lord. 'Twas because He's 'slow to wrath,' and "'not willing any should perish.'" 'Oh, well, good day,' said the gentleman, cantering off. Then I saw the old peasant return to his work. And, as he digged, he mused: 'Not many wise men after the flesh . . . . . for God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise.'

'O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free.'

* * * * * * *

'Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.'

"While quoting the last line the old man suited the action to the words, and brought his large hand upon his broad chest, which sounded like a drum, at the same time ejaculating, 'Lord, have mercy upon that gentleman!' who, by this time, had got on a good way. But distance is nothing in a dream. So I got up to him, and found that he pitied the poor labourer. I heard him say, 'Poor souls! No information! Work, and eat, and sleep! Work, and eat, and sleep! Day after day, all the year round, and the whole life long. And, withal, superstitious to distraction. Something ought to be done towards their education.' So I saw that their pity was mutual, and each thanked God that he was not the other.

"Three years after this (so I thought in my dream) I was standing within the precincts of a magnificent residence. On my left, was an aquarium with miniature promontories, gulfs, bays, and islands inhabited by an endless multitude and variety of fishes and reptiles, frogs, lizards, and newts. On my right, and all around, were trees and shrubs, ferns of all kinds, and from every clime, great banks of earth, where spiders, ants, and other insects bred without molestation; the laboratory, in short, of a wealthy naturalist. But all at once I was in a spacious chamber, where every thing was superb, elegant, and ample; such as the wealthy alone can procure. At one end lay a sufferer in the last stages of illness; his hands uncovered, thin, and white; his face pale and clammy. Servants glided noiselessly in and out, and spoke in whispers.

Every movement and gesture indicated the importance of the business then being done.

After a while, an old gentleman came, whose head was white, his step feeble, his aspect grave. The poor sufferer recognised him and smiled. It was the companion of his early studies, come to speak of their labours, difficulties, and triumphs. It was affecting to witness their unity, particularly on their parting. They seemed to feel that they should meet no more in this world. The patient was revived for the time, but still very weak, and very sad. Soon, however, a much younger gentleman entered, of sage countenance, and serious mien ; as one conscious of entering a solemn place. He halted at the bed's foot, as if for permission to approach. The dying man beckoned, and taking him by the hand, held him with much endearment. The young gentleman wept and could not, for a while, speak for sobbing. I thought it was his son, but in this I was mistaken, for I soon found that he was a grateful and sorrowing disciple come to see his dying master. After subduing his emotions he spoke most learnedly in the gentleman's praise. Humbly acknowledged his obligations, and declared that his attainments in education, literature and science were due to him, expressed a hearty hope that he himself might be half as eminent and useful, in which case he should die contented and happy. The patient all the while looked at him with great complacency; and when he withdrew looked after him regretfully, as though he

would hear something more. Being left to himself, I saw that he was uneasy in body and disturbed in mind. I heard him muse: 'Oh, Thou Great Being, who can sound Thy depths? Farther and farther I sink into dark mystery! All Thy works baffle me more and more! All my life have I spent in search of light, and lo, I am now darker than ever! I approach the allotted final phenomenon of man—THE DREADED METAMORPHOSIS WHICH MAKES ME SHUDDER! Oh, what is my lot? Oh, how apprehensive I am! Who, oh, who shall save me?' It was now dusk, when I saw, in my dream, a gentleman in black vestments, approach softly, with a little book in his hand, from which he read, in a low voice and sad tone, sundry prayers and other good words. He used also the 'Bread and wine,' and kneeling down pronounced a blessing. The patient was somewhat calmed for a while, but after an hour more—the candles being lighted—he moaned and was very restless. 'What can I do?' he would often say, 'I have devoted my life to the study of His works, but I don't know Him! O where! when! what art Thou, my God? In the height of his anxiety I heard heavy footsteps ascending the stairs, and presently an old man, partly bald, with sparse locks, and beard grey, his garments like those worn by field labourers, stood by him. He leaned over the bed, with his hands resting on the side of it. His speech was that of an uneducated peasant. There was tremor in his voice, as he said, 'I be'ant no scholar,

sir. I never 'ant had no education. But I can read my Bible, and I know that Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He it is must save us. The same that was in the beginning with God, and was God. Who made the heavens and the earth. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." He will save 'ee. Look to 'im! Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' I observed that the old man got over his timidity as he spoke, and looked straight into the philosopher's face; who also looked eagerly and inquiringly, at which the old man gained confidence, and proceeded: 'Look to Jesus, my dear dying sir! He died to save 'ee, an' He saith, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." You have been all your life a larning deep things, and s'arching out God, but the Scripture saith, "Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above), Or, who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead). But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Now, can't 'ee trust Him? We'll pray.' So saying he knelt down and said, 'Almighty God! We be poor sinners: and shall soon have to stand before

the judgment seat of Christ. Have mercy upon us. Save this poor dying man. Help him to believe in Thy Son Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast given for the life of the world.' . . . . . In this manner he prayed for the space of five minutes, and addressed to the throne of grace as genuine and fervent effectual prayer as I ever heard in my life. Then he rose and took the philosopher's hand in both of his, and looking straight in his face said—in an interrogative tone—'Ye can believe?' The dying gentleman's eyes were wet, and he looked wonderfully strange, and drew the old man close to him and thanked him. And this is the last that I saw of this old man (in my dream). But the philosopher told the attendants that that old man was mightier and wiser than all the philosophers in the world. That there was power in his words, power in his voice, power in his countenance, power in his very ignorance, and that he had introduced him to the Great God, and to His Son Jesus Christ, that the darkness was gone, and he knew he should have a lot among the glorified spirits. Then he entreated them all to 'Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.' Thus ended my dream, and I came to myself.

"All this might signify nothing. But in less than three months my intimate and highly-esteemed friend, Sir Charles ——, was taken ill, suffered great anxiety for his soul, and, after realising all that I saw in my dream, Francis Jago, a poor labouring man, a Methodist, of our neighbourhood, was made the agent of his salvation."

The above story was told with such deep feeling that, before it was concluded, tears stood in every one's eyes; and, "Who is the gentleman? where is he from?" were general inquiries. All that could be ascertained at the time was that his name was Rechar, and that he was from the West.

The reader will see the above to be the sequel to the preceding story. It has, also, much to do with the following. A Methodist local preacher in a Church of England Missionary Meeting, would be scarcely possible without some special reason.

THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

Miller Manning was as quaint and humorous as he was good and true; consequently, in great demand at all speechifying-meetings. He was not always equally charming and bright. He was even below the ordinary run of common-place speakers sometimes. In his preparatory efforts, he simply made himself acquainted with the subject in a general way, and he spoke without arrangement, or notes, or memorandum of any kind. Hence the circumstances of the meeting would generally determine the amount of animation, display of oratory, and flow of wit which characterised his addresses on such occasions.

The present story, in connection, as already hinted, with the Church of England Missionary Society, relates to one of his "happy times." In a hired room, at "Churchtown," a country squire in the chair; all the speakers, besides himself, church parsons. He

was confident of excelling the whole regiment at extemporary speech-making. These circumstances, together with the inflatus produced by the fact, that he, a Nonconformist lay preacher, was chosen to be one of the speakers—a thing never known before in St. Otenton—and which, according to his views, was a "good sign of the times," elevated him to a high pitch of mental excitement.

The report being presented by the secretary, one of the clergymen, Mr. Manning was asked to address the meeting. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "I am glad to be here, for more than one reason. The first and greatest is, because it is a missionary meeting. Every body ought to help to spread the gospel." (Here followed the principal part of his speech.) And, in closing, he said, "I am also glad that the time is come when Methodists and Churchmen can meet and unite their efforts. We are not such blind bigots that we cannot see any good outside our own sect. Of course, you know that I don't believe in a State Church; still I have charity for you. Perhaps I should have been as much of a Churchman as any parson in England, if I had been born in the same place, and trained in the same way; and if, in addition to that, I were in the enjoyment of a rich living! I do not say that that would be right. Only circumstances do make a world of difference in the way men view things. So I am willing to make every allowance for you good church people. Very well, I hope you will grant me the same liberty, and the

same indulgence. Liberty of conscience is a sweet and sacred thing; and that sect that would not try to set the world free is worthy no man's sympathy. Now, as an encouragement to you rich folks in spending your money in sending the Gospel, just consider what it has done for US. I and some of you can remember fifty years ago—thank God for the mercies of half a century—well, what was our condition at that time? Oh, if we had not seen with our own eyes we should hardly believe it! Why, at that time there was a public house and keel alley at the top of 'Sandy hill,' another at 'Floodscross!' And over at 'Bylanes,' there was more drinking and gaming than there is to-day in all our parish. And we can reckon six of these licensed places of temptation to sin where now there is not one. At that time it was the fashion, as regular as Sunday came, to go to church in the morning, and give up all the rest of the day was to sport and rioting. And, worst of all, we did not know any better. There was nobody to tell us any better. 'Like priest like people.' Why, some of you can remember old Hezek. Tournouth. Well, when Hezek. was clerk of the parish, he was on very cosy terms with the vicar that then was, and both parson and clerk were very fond of their cups; and having sat up late together one Saturday night, the parson was tired and drowsy at the Sunday morning service, and said to Hezek., 'Hezek., do you make them sing a long psalm;' and, so saying, leaned down his head on the desk and fell asleep.

The psalm being ended, Hezek. touched his reverence in order to awaken him, and whispered, saying of the psalm, 'Please, sir, 'tis all out.' 'Fill it again,' was the husky reply of the half-awaked parson! Why, when I was a lad, we used to think it an act of bravery to plunder the poor castaway sailors. A wreck was a glorious thing; and he that could steal most was most thought of. Nobody to tell us better. 'Like priest like people,' say I again. Why, I was at a morning service myself, and I can count nine here present who can also remember what I am going to say. It was when I were a very young boy. When I used to drive the sand donkeys. The service was about half over, when Jinney Skinner rushed into church, and aroused us all by screaming out, as loud as ever she could, 'What the d—l do 'ee do yer, all of ee? Don't ee know there's a wreck down to Dennan cove?' In a moment everybody started, eager for plunder! Those nearest the door enjoyed an advantage, and were minded to make good use of it, when, with commanding voice, the parson called out, 'STOP! HERE, STOP I say! Let's start fair. Altogether!' "

No one but Miller Manning could have given these incidents to such an assembly without committing grave offence. Being at the close of a speech in which he had carried every one with him, he was master of the position. The question of good taste never entered any one's mind. And while the ludicrousness of the stories excited their risibility,

its object—the contrast between those times and the present—was so obviously its purpose, that the effect was all that could be desired.

Then, after earnestly urging to faithful and zealous endeavours, &c., he said: "What was I before the Gospel changed my heart? I have heard people thank God for being born in a Christian land, and for being taught the fear of God in their childhood and youth. But as far as any religious instruction or influence is concerned, I may say I was born nowhere; unless it was away out in the 'Land o' Nod,' from the presence of the Lord, and all and every thing that was good. While young, I do not remember anything about 'Church and Dissent.' Religion had not got hold of us. Nobody knew nor cared enough to have a difference of opinion. All blind, and happy in our blindness. But the Gospel found its way among us, and opened the eyes of our understanding, and turned us from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. We will not quarrel about the means which it pleased God to employ, but say, 'Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.'"

The chairman (Squire Rechar) freely confessed to the meeting that God had made Miller Manning, to whom they had listened with such unspeakable pleasure, the honoured instrument of his spiritual enlightenment. He stated that about a year ago he undertook what he then conceived to be his bounden duty, which was to reform the abuses created by the

Methodists, and thinking to strike an effectual blow to begin with, said, "I began with our friend here: as he was, as we used to call him, the 'Ring-leader of all the Methodists.'" Truly

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

SOME ACCOUNT OF WALTER'S CONNECTION WITH TEETOTALISM.

The Temperance reformation had made great progress in some localities in Cornwall before it reached St. Otenton, to which neighbourhood it was introduced in the following singular and rather amusing way. Walter, while on a visit to St. Austell, about the year 1838, or 1839, heard the noted "Teetotal Missionary," as the late JAMES TEARE was called. He had, prior to this, believed that as "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused," a moderate amount of stimulating drink was a right and necessary thing. And that it was a reflection upon one's manliness, if not positively a disgrace, to be obliged to totally abstain in order to avoid drunkenness. But hearing Teare, and conversing with some temperance friends, one of whom was the celebrated "Billy Bray, the Bryanite," he became uneasy, and more and more uneasy, till he resolved to "*Try* total abstinence." In the mean time he invited the Advocate to St. Otenton, convened a meeting, and acted as chairman. The attendance was large, and the audience disorderly, those of opposite views causing much disturbance. "Now," said the chair-

man, "fair play! He shall have fair play! and to-morrow night we'll get a man to lecture on the other side of the question. We do not form our judgment, nor condemn a thing till we hear both sides." The meeting was not further interrupted. At the close there was great inquiry as to who the lecturer was to be to-morrow night? "Come and see," said the chairman, and that was the only answer he would, or could give. Indeed he was more anxious to know than any body else. He had spoken at a venture, on the spur of the moment, not intending to advertise to-morrow night's meeting as a settled arrangement. But now, finding this to be the light in which his statement was taken, nothing daunted, he re-asserted the announcement that the other side would be advocated to-morrow evening.

A Coastguardsman,—Mark Crompton by name,—a prudent and temperate man; on terms of intimacy with Walter, and holding similar views on the teetotal question, resided in the parish. To him Walter made application, and urged that to be consistent they must either defend their practice or abandon it. And now was the time. "The war," he said, "is pushed upon us, and we must repel the invader or surrender. So come on to Church Town. I'll try to get the 'Long room,' and I'll get the Vicar or Squire to be chairman."

"The Long room," was an apartment of the "London Inn," used for Club dinners, Farmers' meetings, Balls, Banquets, &c., and gave an air of

respectability to whatever assembly could be favoured with its use. And the Squire, Vicar, Inn-keeper, and Crompton, being on terms of mutual respect, the object of the meeting being ostensibly to defend the "interest of the house," and to cry down the fanatics who "despised the good creatures of God, and were trying to deprive poor men of the blessings of life," Walter's task was tolerably easy to procure the consent of all the parties, after he had succeeded with Crompton. Walter employed his loading boys—three of them—to publish the meeting in all the hamlets and homesteads around about St. Otenton. The advertisement ran thus:

"In the 'Long room,' 'Church Town.' This evening at seven o'clock, Officer Mr. Mark Crompton, will lecture in defence of moderation in the use of Beer and all other good liquors. Chair to be taken by the Vicar, the Rev. G. T. Bately."

Teare was blessing his stars with the prospect of a discussion. He foresaw a *small fight* and *great victory!* In any case he would have a good meeting. Should Crompton argue well, the refutation would be the more signal and effectual. Should his attempt be a failure, it would be easy to enlarge upon the evils of drunkenness and the fallacies of the advocates of moderation.

At the meeting, the chairman was supported by Squire Rechar, of Dennan Court, Mr. Robert Bartlett, of Weston Barton, the Landlord of the London Inn, and Miller Manning. As might be

expected, the Long room was crowded. Everybody felt gleeful to think that the "newfangled notion" would be annihilated once and for ever.

The Vicar delivered an opening address, and piously exhorted them all to "receive the good creatures of God with thankfulness, and to let their 'Moderation be known to all men.'" Crompton followed in the same strain. He was fervent in conversation, possessed a fair amount of general information; but he had never attempted "Lecturing" before,—and vowed he never would again. It was a failure! complete and utter. He and the chairman had not together occupied more than about fifteen minutes. The audience maintained the utmost good order; of that Walter was certain when he procured the consent of the Vicar to preside. But they began to think that they had been called together to small purpose, when Teare rose from the hindermost part of the room and thanked the honourable gentlemen for their very *excellent* and *elaborate* speeches. Said how well it was that such excellent gentlemen took so deep an interest in the welfare of the people. That the inhabitants were highly favoured in having so many influential gentlemen living in their midst. By this time all eyes were towards him. His northern accent added to his eloquence in the ears of Cornishmen, and he was requested to ascend to the higher end, and take the desk. He was cautious to say all the good he could, conscientiously, in favour of using thankfully the

"good creatures of God." Then he called for pity towards the vicious and extravagant, who by their excesses reduced themselves to poverty, disease, and death, &c., going through the appalling evils which temperance advocates glory in describing. And for a peroration he denounced "Moderation" as all "Botheration." "Touch not, taste not," &c. If ever James Teare made a good speech—which he seldom failed to do—he made one that night.

The chief interest of the above story consists in the illustration which it affords of Miller Manning's humility, prudence and sagacity. Who besides would have conceived so skilful a plan for the successful introduction of the Temperance cause? Had he set himself up as the "Apostle of the reformation" in his locality, what prejudices he would have raised. Now that he "took them by guile" the cause was established and St. Otenton became, and continues to be, a strong hold of Temperance in the West.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY LIFE.

THE foregoing stories—and many others—I obtained from my excellent friends at St. Otenton. His HISTORY I procured from himself, and noted in my own journal at different times during my three years' intimacy with him. He did not write anything about himself, more than the date of his birth, and the date and place of his conversion on the fly-leaf of an Old Bible, between the Old and New Testament. He was one of a numerous family, having four brothers and as many sisters; consequently he was put to earn his bread at a very tender age. His parents were poor, his father being a labouring man, who kept donkeys to carry sand from the sea beach to the top of the cliffs, whence it would be taken by farmers for the purpose of dressing the land. Walter and his brothers and sisters had all been brought to toil, almost from their cradle going to the sands with the donkeys. Their education was thus altogether neglected till Providence, by the pressure of poverty, drove them into the service of better-to-do people, in whose houses there would be a Bible and Prayer-book, and, perchance, a "Saints' Everlasting Rest" and a "Pilgrim's Progress." At the age

of eleven years, Walter was taken by Mr. Dongelly, one of the largest farmers in an adjoining parish, some five miles away. "I should have been put out younger," he said, "but for the fact that I was a strong boy and useful to my father, and rendered good help in the maintenance of the family. But my going out to service at all was much against my parents' wish, and would not have been consented to, but for an aunt, my mother's sister, who took an interest in me, and believed it would be for my future benefit. Oh, sir, God's eye was upon me. And I now must say that He led me by a way that I knew not! One of the horsemen, who used to fetch sand, had often urged my father to let the boy go where he might learn something, saying, 'What chance has he here? never be anything but a poor old "sand man."' Such observations, uttered in my hearing, inspired me. Whenever I had the chance I used to get on his cart and ride a mile or two, making all sorts of childish inquiries about the place where he lived and how much he thought I could get a week. This kind fellow took a liking to me, and induced his master to take me. Mr. Dongelly could get plenty of boys; for poor people did not know what to do with their children then. Hard times for the working people in those days! Scores of families never knew the taste of butcher's meat! The flesh of their own pig—in case they were not compelled to sell the carcase in order to pay rent and shoe bill, which was the case ninety-nine times to the hundred

—fish, potatoes and barley bread, and barley puddings constituted the diet. And happy was the father who could give his children enough of these. So I had to go for my victuals. And, for my encouragement, if it was found upon trial, that I was worth anything towards my clothing, I should have it. Well, I soon got to like my place. They kept a good table, and I did well as to bodily growth. And I pleased my master and mistress, who were kind to me. Their children could read and write, and little 'Kitty,' who was very proud of her learning, took me for a scholar. So when I had spare time I used to learn. I stayed there two years. And being a stout and tall lad, I thought myself a man; got discontented and wouldn't live there any longer. I wanted to learn a trade: but had no means. About this time Tregonartha wanted a man to be his farmer. My size making me think I was a man, I applied for the situation. Tregonartha was a carpenter and wheelwright, and had a farm; and I thought I might stand a chance to be a carpenter if I could get there to live. My proper work would be to mind the farm, tend cows and horses, help to cut timber and, so to speak, do anything. Well he engaged me at six pounds a year, and I employed myself at every opportunity in the workshop, and got so handy that before the year was up, Tregonartha proposed my coming in altogether, and got another man for the farm. So I got into the wheel-wrighting. During the time I lived with Tregonartha I got '*concerned*.'

The custom there was to have prayers read, and the creed and catechism repeated every Sunday night, and after spending the day in sport I got to feel very miserable on going to bed. I being stout and strong, took great pride in sports, particularly wrestling. So our Sundays were spent in these practices, and not unfrequently in drinking and fighting. No great wonder, after these deeds of Sabbath breaking, that reading the Ten Commandments made me miserable. I lived on in this state of sin and fear till I was twenty-one. I felt under a sort of obligation to stay seven years with my master, though I was no 'prentice, and he gave me wages all the time; and would have kept me as a journeyman. But I wanted rest for my troubled soul, and fancied I should turn Methodist if I could go where I was not known. And if I could become a Methodist I should be saved. I had heard a great deal about Plymouth, and determined to go there and seek for work. So off I went on foot, with a bundle under my arm—all the goods and chattles I possessed in the world, and fifteen shillings and fourpence—also all the money I owned—and I believe if I had stayed at Tregonartha's to this day, I should not have had more. I could not resist temptation to drink in a village with so many companions.

"I knew not a soul in Plymouth. As it happened, I called at a tradesman's in St. Stephen's, near Saltash, and he offered me work, which I politely told him would not suit me. For I was so utterly ignorant as to imagine that most all the works in Plymouth would

be open to me! On entering the town—I fancied—masters would meet me eagerly inquiring, 'Do you want work?' to which I was to answer, 'Well I don't mind, but I shall not bargain till Monday.' For I intended to know the best that could be had before I went into work.

"Friday at dusk, after two days' walk, I found myself in the great town. My fifteen and fourpence had melted down to eight and tenpence, by cost of refreshments and a bed.—I slept at Liskeard and paid fourpence for the bed.—Now for the first time in my life I felt a little sad. I could not tell how it was; but before I had made any inquiries, or had been at all informed of the difficulty of getting work, an uncommon *tameness* came over me, a forlorn downheartedness. The air, it may be, and my little money, and the strangeness of the whole surroundings, altogether took my pluck out of me. However, strolling on through a mean sort of a street, I saw a paper in a window with 'Lodgings for travellers' on it. In I went, and asked if I could have lodgings there: 'Yes,' said the woman. 'How much a week?' said I. 'Threepence a *night* in the big room, fourpence in the double room, and sixpence in the little room with only one bed, and one companion.' Thinks I, cheapest will suit me best, and said, 'I'll have the threepenny every night.' 'Go in,' said the woman. In I went. And, oh, this was a pretty place indeed. Inside the very small shop—where they sold bread, pigs' feet, and black-puddings, &c.,—was a

long dark place called the 'Kitchen,' no window light but that borrowed from the shop. There were there some twenty men, women, and children, all tramps, all of whom seemed to be striving for the fireplace, kettles, and frying-pans, as each wanted to get his own supper, while the fumes of boiling pilchards, and frying bacon and chops, made the odour odious. Altogether, to me, it was horrible. I stood stock still with my bundle under my arm. I would have backed out there and then, but the partition door was closed and could only be opened on the outside, which increased my terror, but which was an arrangement made to prevent the lodgers' children from interrupting them in the shop. While I stood half alarmed and wholly bewildered and disgusted, I heard them saying, 'country bloke.' 'Johnny whopstraw,' 'Spooney,' 'Flat,' 'Greenhorn,' none of which expressions did I understand to allude to me, nor did I know their significance. Presently my bundle was politely taken from me and pitched in a corner under the stairs, with about a score or thirty other bags and bundles, wood and tin boxes, baskets, &c., the luggage of the several *respectable* ladies and gentlemen present—hawkers, tinkers, beggars, sweeps and thieves, with women and children. Oh, said I to myself, 'God Almighty deliver me from this awful place.' It seemed to me, if I once got out, to have to walk all the way home without tasting anything to eat or drink, would be no

hardship at all! And out I determined to go and laid hold of the door, and cried out to the woman in the shop, 'Here, open this here door, will you?' And I was about to try my strength on it, when a big quiet looking woman, seeing I was afraid, put her head through a hole in the partition and said 'Door, missus,' which 'missus' opened, and I bolted and was soon a few steps up the street, for I was not so young and foolish as not to know that better lodgings than these were to be had in Plymouth. I had proceeded but a few steps when 'Hi! Ho! Mr. country bloke,' said a young girl, as she came running after me. 'Here' she said, 'take your "swag" you greeenhorn, wasn't ye *niver* in a "*Puddin' Can*" afore, then?' I had forgotten my bundle. And the truth is; the idea of being in a '*Trampers' Inn*' was so odious, that to escape was the ONE THING alone to be thought of.

"My fatigue and hunger left me for a while. The excitement and horror of the '*Lodgings for Travellers*' had overcome every other thought and feeling. However, after walking the streets some time, and it being late, I began to feel the want of food and rest. Still going on, not knowing whither, I found myself walking by the side of a young man of decent appearance. Whether he overtook me, or I had overtaken him, I could not tell. We looked at each other, and as I fancied he was an honest and friendly looking young fellow, I asked if he could tell where a fellow could get lodgings? 'Where are you

from? West Barbary,' said he, 'I fancy so by your speech.' It was the first time I had heard my beloved county called by that savage name, and I had no idea that he meant Cornwall. So said I, 'No sir, I came from lower down than St. Austell, and I'm tired.' Then in the kindest tone, he said, 'All right, no offence. Don't take it amiss. I'm from Fowey. Yes, lodgings, yes. Have you got any money?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but I'm come here to work.' 'Whom are you going to work for?' 'I do not know. I don't know anybody here, but I shall see for a shop to-morow.' 'What trade?' 'Wheelwright.' 'Well, I can get lodgings; come on.' With him I went. Said he, 'I think you may put up where I do. Private house. Only me lodging there. An old man and his niece, very clean and quiet.' So I and this young man became friends. He was a ropemaker, very steady; and a Christian. And if ever I felt the value of religion it was then. Only to think! Supper, and then reading and prayer in that little family!—down near the Quay it was—after what I had seen and heard at '*Lodgings for Travellers*.' Well, it was like going from hell to heaven, or very near. That night I was soon fast asleep, and very early up in the morning. I spent the next day, Saturday, strolling about looking for the wheelwrights, and came to our lodgings as tired as I was the night before, without either seeing any one to ask me if I wanted work, or that I could ask to give me employment: and my eight and ten pence got down

to just six shillings. That night I began to inquire of my young friend where the wheelwrights' shops were. He knew very little about them, not being at all in that line of business. The good old man named two or three carriage builders to whom I might apply on Monday. On Sunday I went to a chapel with the young man. Everything seemed wonderfully strange, yet I enjoyed the day very much. The sermon was from Genesis xv. 1. 'Fear not Abram; I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.' I was not converted, at least I did not believe that I was. Yet while the dear old preacher told us how that Abram left his home in obedience to the Divine call, and went into a strange place, and that God took care of him, and assured us that every young man who left his old sinful companions, might rely upon the God of Abram, even though he should have to leave home in order to get away from bad company and bad practices, I believed God would bless me. That night I kneeled to pray, *the first time in all my life!*

"Monday I went to see the carriage works, and tried to get employment. I found, to my great grief, that the trade was dull; and that they were talking of discharging one or two hands at one of the largest works. I saw then that, being a raw hand, I should stand a poor chance of getting in. So I turned my thoughts to St. Stephens, where I was offered work on Friday, and, having spent nearly all my money, I started without wasting any more time.

Here I went to work for rather low wages, but I was glad to get a home. Nothing remarkable took place while I was here. The master was a quiet sort of man, with a little business, and I lodged with him and received four shillings a week besides board and lodgings. I made up my mind to go to Plymouth as soon as I got a chance of work there. Six weeks after I came to St. Stephens, my friend, the young ropemaker, sent word that I might have a job at 'Creber's, Millbay,' and being under no engagement for any fixed time, with the master at St. Stephens, I at once returned to Plymouth."

It would not be particularly interesting to the reader, to relate Walter's experience with his employer. This period of his history is edifying chiefly as it regards his spiritual enlightenment and his decision for Christ. It will be enough to say that he gave satisfaction in his work, was quick in improving his workmanship, was respected for his character, and generally esteemed for his good disposition, and when he left it was his own choice.

The good young man, his friend the ropemaker, was a Wesleyan, Richard Commins by name. He introduced Walter to some good people at the chapel, who heartily welcomed him, won him to the Saviour and to their denomination. We think they had no occasion ever to regret it. It is an honour to win a soul, any soul, of any class to Christ. Doubly so when the convert proves to be eminently useful.

Ah! we do not know what fine spirits may be clothed in rough exterior. A raw rustic, without education and social connection, did not present a very valuable prize. But Christian love can do no other than seek, by kindness, to save that which was lost. And they know that such "labour cannot be in vain in the Lord," although not always so directly successful.

I shall take the reader by the shortest route to his home and work in his native parish of St. Otenton. For it clearly appears that God took this young man of His choice to Plymouth, and threw him into the society of godly people in order to deliver him from his old associates, save his soul, and prepare him for the work which he had for him to do in the neighbourhood of his early home.

He spent two years in Plymouth, devoting all his leisure time to the attainment of Christian knowledge. Having a strong desire to see his friends, he came home, not with the intention of remaining, though it so turned out.

Old Robert Tregerry, of Barcome Mills, finding young Manning had a few days' leisure, applied to him, and begged that he would do some repairs to the mill machinery—no millwright living near. Walter complied. He did the work very well. Mr. Tregerry was highly pleased. While attending to this mill-work he took his meals in the house, and did some other thing quite as well as he did the mill-wrighting—of which I will tell you more by-and-bye.

There had been Methodist meetings held in most parts of Cornwall long prior to the period to which this narrative relates; but certain influences prevailed to keep dissent out of St. Otenton till about the year 1816 or 1817. It was not to be supposed that a young man, in the ardent zeal of his first love, would be without serious and anxious thought for the souls of the people of his old home. Young Manning was, accordingly, troubled in spirit to think that the parish and neighbourhood were generally given up to ignorance and sin. What to do he did not know. But he had learned to pray. He had been to Christ's school long enough for that, and "God, who commanded light to shine out of darkness," did so again, and "led him by a way that he knew not." No one would suppose the means by which

"He baffled the crooked serpent's skill,"

And "took the wise in their own craftiness."

It was soon talked about that "young Walter Manning was turned Methodist!" He could not keep his religion to himself. He loved the souls of his old friends and companions, and became troublesome. His return to his native locality, with the light of the kingdom of heaven in his heart, produced that kind of unpleasantness that the dawn of day produces on those who are awakened out of a heavy sleep. At first, light is disagreeable—the heavy head is turned, and the eyes are hidden. The sleeper would rather sleep on. The devil was not

likely to let this awakening light shine on without attempting to extinguish it. The crafty old serpent laid his plans with remarkable skill, and his children were sanguine of success. But "the triumph of the wicked is short."

> "The enemy his tares hath sown,
> But Christ shall shortly root them up;
> Shall cast the dire accuser down,
> And disappoint his children's hope."

About four or five weeks after Walter's return, it became generally known that he had "turned Methodist," and that he was likely to remain at home. The good church people set about the reclamation of the "DEAR YOUNG MAN." To them, it was a great pity that so fine a young man should be deluded by the schismatic Dissenters. Hence, great attention was paid to "Walter." "Young Manning" was respectfully inquired for by the clergyman and his servants, and the landlord of the "London Inn," who always opened the pew to him when he came to church. Occasional attendance at church was all that would have been desired of him, were it not that he openly professed to be converted, and used his influence with others in that direction, and held meetings every Sunday evening, at which he read the Scriptures, sang Wesley's hymns and offered prayers, and had actually put himself to the trouble to go to Brinscombe—a village four miles distant—and induced other Methodist bigots to come to his meetings, to disturb the peace of the parish. This

being the case, the godly church people were apprehensive and considered his delusion dangerous, and spared no pains to deliver him.

Ostensible kindness, systematically prosecuted, is a thousand times more dangerous than open opposition; and many a man, who would gird up his loins and buckle on his armour for battle, has been melted by flattery, and moulded to the shape desired by his false friends. This was the policy first adopted towards young Manning. He was invited to teas, evening parties and feasts. On these occasions he was agreeable and pleased; and so long as nothing was introduced to which a religious man need take objection, things went along smoothly and pleasantly, till they reached a climax at a wedding feast.

Miss Kittow was a foster-daughter of Andrew's, of the "London Inn." She had been brought up respectably, inherited some property from her own father, and had been affianced to a young farmer of a respectable family. The marriage was arranged, and the guests invited—some half-dozen couples of young folks. Walter was requested to walk with a young lady to whom he could have no objection. All went well till the parting hour, when the landlord requested the favour of the presence of the whole party again on Sunday evening. Every one but Walter readily accepted. "I shall expect you all," he repeated, in an interrogative tone. Then, after a brief pause, he continued, "Silence gives consent." Then a pause again ensued, while furtive glances

passed from the party to Walter and each other, as much as to say, "What will it be—victory or defeat?" To Walter, this was all unexpected; but, after a moment or two, he calmly said, "You will not expect ME?" For his Sunday evening services were well known, and—up to this time—he had not heard of any remarkable animadversions, so he innocently imagined that, in the estimation of all his kind friends, such good engagements were highly commendable. Most disagreeable, therefore, it was for him to be enlightened on the subject. "No," said the bride, "we sha'n't excuse any one,"—all the party repeating the emphatic sentence. "But I, you know, have other things to attend to, besides Sunday parties. Any other day it would be a great pleasure. You must please excuse me." Observations from one and another opened Walter's eyes to the real truth of the case, so rising, and casting his eyes calmly upon the company, he said—"I would not give up my religion for anything in this world! When I was in Plymouth there were two poor miserable backsliders in the works, and their mouths were full of oaths and curses all day long; yet they often, privately, told me never to give up religion, for nobody could know the hell-upon-earth which a poor backslider experienced. I wish you much joy," he said, addressing the married pair, "and may we all be admitted to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb." Nothing more offensive was said, only, as he withdrew, his ears caught such epithets as, "*Disagreeable*

Methodist"—"*Obstinate Dissenter*"—"*Deluded Bigot*," &c.

From that time he received no more attention from that class of "*friends*." But there arose great complaints about his "Methodist Meetings" affecting the "lower orders," with persecuting feelings. The enemy became enraged. Subtlety and craft not succeeding, he urged his sons to open violence, and "set on men of the baser sort," who collected near the meeting-house and made an uproar, and when Walter went out to request them to be quiet, actually assaulted him, tore his coat off his back, threw dirt, and maltreated him in a shameful manner. He kept his hands from them, and his temper cool—(he had, while at Plymouth, perused *Nelson's Journal*)—and while they were thus ill-treating him, he was able to raise his voice in prayer that God would forgive them. Again the enemy was defeated. "The devil over-shot his mark." A piece of broken earthenware having been thrown at him, slightly cut him on the temple, and the blood running down his calm and loving face, was a sight the mob could not endure. Their furious clamour was hushed. Some slunk away, but most hung their hands down, and looked on him whom they had injured, who, finding that silence reigned, lifted up his voice and warned them to "flee from the wrath to come, and prepare to meet their God. For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" And he affectionately entreated them to repent, while the

big tears ran down his cheeks. God gave him a complete victory. Many of these temporary persecutors became his converts, and his zealous and constant fellow-labourers in subsequent years.

Old Mr. Tregerry, before-mentioned, was led to Christ by Walter's instrumentality; and besides this, was very much attached to him for his naturally good qualities, and esteemed him highly for his skill in mill-wrighting, so that he was a great favourite, and always heartily welcomed at the house. Old Tregerry, his wife, and niece were the whole family, besides the servant-girl and loading boys, their sons and daughters all being in business themselves. His niece was Mrs. Tregerry's brother's daughter, the Mr. Dongelly with whom Walter first lived in service, and she was no other than his little instructress Kitty. Now, Walter being treated as a friend, and not at all as a hireling, by her uncle and aunt, it was one of the most natural things in the world that he and she should renew their old acquaintance, and become cordially intimate, which they did, and—to make a long story short—they formed a matrimonial alliance, and, in due time, "they two became one." And in the order of time, the course of events relieved the dear old folks of the burden of business, and our friend Walter became "MILLER MANNING." Old Mr. Tregerry joyously taught him the art of grinding flour, dressing, &c., while Aunty Tregerry lent a helping hand in domestic matters, rocked the cradle, &c., as occasion

required, while the years rolled away till they were taken to the Better Land: and "Young Manning, the Methodist," had become the venerable "Old Walter," with his head as white as silver, his name as fragrant as a rose, as much prosperity as secured him from anxiety, and a moral influence never surpassed, and too seldom equalled.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Methodist leading friends did not fail to utilize such an agent. A characteristic of Methodism, to which it owes much of its wonderful success, has always been its aptitude at finding and employing talent in the offices of lay preachers, class leaders, and stewards. Walter filled all these offices for some years from the establishment of the Wesleyan cause in St. Otenton. Indeed, in the early part of its history he was sole manager, but as the word of God grew and believers were multiplied, the cause became organized, and for many years a well-managed church, with Sunday and Day Schools, has been an inestimable blessing; and many now in heaven will praise God to all eternity for the instrumentality.

Further details I deem undesirable. Walter had good and bad in this world, like all other men. I will confine myself to a few of the more remarkable incidents which, while they will further illustrate his character, are, I trust, well calculated to edify and encourage the reader.

CHAPTER IV.

WALTER AS A PREACHER.—EPIDEMICS.

AS a preacher, I have said before, he excelled most men of his class, and was often in request beyond the limits of his own circuit. On one occasion he went to Hayle in the place of (I think) the very popular Dr. Beaumont, who had been called from St. Ives or Penzance the day before, in consequence of sudden domestic affliction. By this time our friend was somewhat advanced, and bore a venerable appearance as he entered the place on the Sunday morning, on his white nag, which he always rode, with the parsonic white neckerchief and long black coat, and being a stranger of gigantic stature, he was mistaken for the Reverend Doctor. He accepted all the attentions, and carried them well till he got into the pulpit. Then, said he, "Doctor B. can't come. He was sent for last night—one of his family is expected to die. I'm come to do the best I can in his stead. I am no D.D.—I wish I were—but I have a sermon here, and its divinity has been doctored already. And after coming from the hands of the Great Physician, I am sure Dr. B., if he were here, would not presume to improve it." The feeling of disappointment passed off almost as soon as it came.

His person, his quaint observations and passionate appeals, were well calculated to interest Christians, and awaken the unconverted. It was quickly published throughout the town that "Miller Manning," of whom they had heard so much, was the preacher that day. In the evening the chapel was greatly thronged. His text was Isaiah xxv. 6: "And in this mountain shall the Lord of Hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." "Religion is something to eat," was his opening sentence. "There is a reality about it. And it is satisfying. Whoever goes to a feast and is not satisfied, is not a proper person to be there. Something is the matter. He is either unwell and can't eat, or he is sulky and won't eat.

> 'The King of Heaven His table spreads,
> And dainties crown the board;
> Not Paradise, with all its joys,
> Could such delight afford.'

"Religion," he continued, "is something not only for the mind to understand, but for the soul to live upon. A lot of people, now-a-days, are very knowing, and talk fluently about doctrines and creeds; but the enjoyment of Christ is better than all the disputations in the world. Who would be guest at a feast merely to *talk about* the fat things and dainties? There be many deep mysteries about religion, and it is very profitable to meditate upon them and to talk about them; but we must not allow

the desire to fathom the deep things of God, to deprive us of the marrow and fatness of His glorious gospel. GOD maketh the feast. You would do a foolish thing were you to refrain from eating because you did not know the art of the cook and confectioner. The guests are not required to know all that. Now here is pardon and peace—will you have them? As I was coming on last evening (I did part of the journey yesterday, 'cause the 'merciful man is merciful to his beast') I overtook a young man on his way home to his parents, after three months' absence. I found he had been in the company of unbelievers, for when I inquired if he was converted, he said: 'Ah, the Bible! the Bible! There's a bone in the Bible I can't swallow.' 'Well,' said I, 'to be sure there is. And what of that? You are going home to spend Sunday, and you expect father will have dinner for his dear boy. But how father would be surprised to hear you say, 'Ah, father, none of that leg of mutton for me—there's a bone in it I cannot swallow!' I heard a very fine preacher a few weeks ago. His subject was the 'Parable of the Marriage Supper.' It was a great pleasure to hear him talk. He was very learned, very eloquent. I was delighted for some time, till I became weary, waiting for the feast. Oh! it is a mistake to keep your poor hungry guests' ears tingled with the rattle of plates and dishes, and knives and forks and spoons, till their patience is all gone, and then send them away without a morsel or taste." His dis-

CHAPTER VI.

FAMILY MATTERS—A GOSSIPING NEIGHBOUR—THRIFTLESS HENRY SARGEANT—WALTER'S LOVE FOR THE PREACHERS—WINNING OLD SINNERS—SICKNESS AND DEATH OF THE SHIPWRECKED MOULDER.

WALTER'S family relations were numerous. Those of his wife's side, the Dongellys, formed a wide and respectable circle. His own brothers and sisters, with their several families, numbered upwards of forty, when I became acquainted with them, to all of whom he was a real patriarch. Through the blessing of God upon his industry, skill and virtuous conduct he had risen to a comfortable position, and able, by wise counsel and pecuniary aid, to improve the condition of most of his relations. It must also be stated, to Mrs. Manning's credit, that she always treated the members of Mr. Manning's family connections as heartily, and as respectfully, as she did her own.

As is often the case, there was an unfortunate one in Walter's family. His sister Betsey married a pedlar, called Davy, who sportively claimed relationship to the great Cornish scientist of that name; but if at any remote period there were any blood relationship between the ancestors of the two men, Sir H. Davy was the zenith, and Pedlar Davy the nadir of

the family sphere. Poor Betsey! The last of her parents' children, she seemed born to be unlucky. She was left motherless at a tender age, and had the care of her father in his decrepitude and poverty till his decease. And lastly she was plunged into irretrievable poverty and wretchedness by becoming the wife of a drunken pedlar. She and Davy inhabited the old house of her parents, a neat and decent cottage in her mother's time; but it had gone into dilapidation of late, so that its external appearance was a true picture of the misery within. Their children died in infancy—thanks to a kind providence—so that Betsey was not compelled to remain at home all her time, but could visit her friends, who were generally kind to her, but more especially Walter and his family.

Great trouble came upon her and her connections by the arrest of Davy on a charge of burglary. A house and shop had been broken into and a quantity of goods removed, and suspicion fell upon him and two other men with whom he had been seen in company. Search was made, and a few articles of hosiery were found in an old chest in Davy's donkey shed; a fact which, with his dissolute character, established a strong suspicion indeed. However, the magistrates refused to commit him as there was no evidence; and the said articles might be part of his stock in trade which he came by honestly. With all Davy's faults he had never before been suspected of theft. But this business broke up the "establishment," and delivered Betsey from her idle and worthless *master.*

The Mannings at the Mill took care of her while Davy wandered in his usual misery, till hunger, cold, and dirt brought on disease and terminated his wretched life. Bad company and Sabbath-breaking was the beginning, death in a workhouse the end, of a career of suffering and shame.

Walter and Mrs. Manning were not hard-hearted to this poor outcast. His present needs were always supplied whenever he came to their house. And for years did Walter hope and labour for his reformation. And he continued to pray for his soul to the last. It was a trial to be so connected; but, no doubt, God, who "worketh according to the counsel of His own will," made this, as well as other trials, a means of good to those who were exercised thereby.

In his own family, eleven in number, eight daughters and three sons, the good miller was much blessed. The two elder sons and three of the daughters were respectably married, and the others well situated, with fair prospects, at the time of my acquaintance with them. All industrious, all moral and virtuous, and "walking in the way of their father." Their first-born, Isaac Dongelly, it appeared to me, was the favourite. The dear old man told me more interesting stories about Isaac than all the rest put together. Isaac, certainly, was the darling. When I first saw him he was a man about thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age, the father of five children, and an extensive corn and flour merchant. He was of a lively temperament, *good* business ability, and a Christian. It might be

interesting to the reader to know how Isaac got into his good position. His father was without fortune, having only his business to depend upon. Isaac had to render assistance while very young. His brothers and sisters, coming after him, had less hardship, as, through the Divine blessing on his father's industry, they were rising in the world. But Isaac, if he had not the ease and school advantages which it was their good fortune to enjoy, was earlier taught the practical part of life by contact with its realities, and by intercourse with various classes and characters. His education was not altogether neglected. His mother taught him to read and write as she had done his father before him—and at the age of sixteen, when Sam., his next brother, was able to render some help, and their father's position had so far improved that he was able to hire servants, Isaac had a whole "Quarter's" schooling! So that for their rank, he was reckoned a "fine scholar!"

Brendacott was advertised to be let. This was a famous premises and business situation. Six pairs of millstones, driven by a never failing stream, sixty acres of meadow and orchard land, with good dwelling house and out-buildings. Isaac fixed longing eyes upon this place, and talked much about it to his father, who also saw and felt how desirable a situation it was for one of his family; the more so as it was in such close proximity to his own place and trade. "But 'tis folly," said the old man, "for us to think about it. Brendacott is a place for a capitalist."

Louisa Hawksworth and Isaac formed an attachment to each other at a very early age, even in childhood. Isaac used to lift her on his donkey when he went to Yarnsford for corn. They had been scholars in the same Sunday-school, and were now fellow teachers. Louie was the younger of two sisters —the only surviving children of the Hawksworths. Isaac and she had talked so much about "Brendacott" that they both came to think that "Brendacott" was theirs. Now there never had been any formal application by Issac to Mr. Hawksworth, for his consent to Louie's betrothal. That was a piece of business altogether too ceremonious and common. Their love had grown. When it began no one knew, but it was natural to think and speak of them as lovers. Louie's father said, "Their love was like Melchisedec, 'without beginning and without end.'"

The old men were both sagacious enough to appreciate the importance of Brendacott. But a delicacy of feeling kept each from proposing. Isaac's father could not, decently, make the proposal to Mr. Hawksworth, whose pocket must find the money. The latter had no objection to the enterprise; was indeed anxious to procure the place for the "young folks." But he fancied that it would not be proper for him to take the initiative. So time passed till the days for the tenders. However, from the constant habit of thought, reciprocated by the old people and the young, on both sides, the arrangements were made; the place taken; the stock and plant and

crops paid for by Louie's father, who said, "What's the use of keeping them single till their best days are gone?" Three cheers, say I, for old Mr. Hawksworth. In less than two years from this time he might be seen at Brendacott, kissing a cherub six months old, called Louie. A fine contrast is old Mr. Hawksworth to the old Radnor, whose youngest is thirty next birthday, and he will not "*Fork out*" for either of them to settle, or go into business; and he says he "*Won't*," they shall wait till he is dead, as he does not know what he may want himself. Righteous Providence may determine he shall never see his children's children!

To return to Walter—for I am afraid that I may have been tedious with the above details—let me give you—

WALTER'S CURE FOR A GOSSIPING NEIGHBOUR.

One of his class sought his advice in the trouble which is common enough in country villages, viz.: newsing neighbours, who are not "keepers at home," but busy-bodies in other men's matters. The good woman—Jane Parsons—was anxious to be at peace with all; and particularly wished to be on good terms with those who lived near. But Agnes Saundry was such a great news-bag, that her calls on Jane were "neither few, nor far between." Nor did she appear to "know the way out when once she got in." Jane found Agnes's conversation both unprofitable and disagreeable, for, as is always the case with gossips, she made free with other people's names,

and fluently talked to their prejudice, insinuating discreditable motives and the like. This made Jane very unhappy; so much so that she was got to dread Agnes's coming. Poor Agnes! It was her weakness. She had good qualities. As this made the case all the more difficult for Jane, she resolved to lay the matter before her Leader who was not long in prescribing a remedy. "Jane," said he, "keep your family Bible on the table, and, when she has been in the house long enough, ask her to read a chapter, or a psalm, and pray with you." Jane followed this excellent advice the very next time that Agnes called. "Agnes!" said Jane, "you are a good scholar. I wish you would read a chapter, or psalm, and pray with me, I am not feeling so happy as I wish to be, and it might do both of us good." Agnes excused herself on the ground that she was *very busy*. She would gladly do so another time when she could stay. We need scarcely say that Jane had no further cause to complain of Agnes's gossiping in her house. Are there not some other complaints which the same remedy would cure?

THRIFTLESS HENRY SARGEANT.

Walter had a deep dislike to improvident and thriftless persons, notwithstanding their pretensions to piety. And one Henry Sargeant, a member of the same church, was a fellow of this type; and supposed by many of his neighbours to be all the more heavenly-minded, because he "minded not earthly *things*," and, as he was wont to say, he "Held the

world with a loose hand," and called it "A garment which he could easily throw off." And he enjoyed singing:—

> "Careless through outward cares I go,
> From all distraction free;
> My hands are but engaged below,
> My heart is still with Thee."

The last two lines Walter would have altered to—

> "My hands are *not* engaged below,
> *Nor is my heart* with Thee."

Sargeant lived rent free in a pretty little farm, till he mortgaged it, and sold off piece by piece, and by bad husbandry allowed it to deteriorate, so that it was not worth the money borrowed on it, and the mortgagee would come to loss take it when he would. "Henry," said Walter to him one day, "I am very sorry for you poor family! Do you think you are a Christian? I think you are worse than an infidel; you do not 'provide for your own household.' I do not want to hear your ignorant boasting of your 'Trusting to Providence,' 'Be careful for nothing,' and other words of the blessed Lord, which you are always repeating for the purpose of excusing your carelessness, your *idleness*, your LAZINESS, is but to misapply the word! You are an unfaithful steward. Broom Park was a beautiful estate when Mr. Bond left it.* He used to keep a respectable house. All the preachers were in the habit of visiting the family,

* Sargeant's father-in-law.

and were always welcome to bed and board, and that was a great help to the cause in St. Otenton; whereas, now, *you* cannot give a crust to a beggar. Your dear old father-in-law was beloved by everybody; he had wherewith to help the sick and poor members, contribute to the circuit quarterage, and to subscribe to the missionaries, and help keep up the Sunday-school. And you know he sent his horses and man to cart the stones for the chapel, and gave twenty pounds in money. And God has a right to something out of Broom Park. But if we were all such dear, heavenly-minded souls as Henry Sargeant, the ministers might starve, the world 'lie in the arms of the devil,' and the chapel rot to the ground—like your own house. I've no patience with thee. What the Lord is going to do with thee, I'm sure I don't know. One thing I do know: thou art not fit for *this world!* There's poor Jim Brown, who can't get a penny of his hard-earned wages. John Jennings has got a three years' shoe-bill against thee, and now thy poor children would be barefooted were it not for other people's charity. I have no patience with it. I tell thee, *you* ought to be sent to '*quod*,' and sing to the time of the treadmill—

"Careless from outward cares I go.'"

Henry made several attempts to speak during the above rather lengthy and most energetic harangue; but Walter would not hear a word, for he hated the cant with which the luckless "ne'er-do-well" was in *the habit of* excusing himself.

WALTER'S LOVE FOR THE PREACHERS.

Walter possessed a deep regard for the itinerant preachers, held them in the highest esteem, deeply sympathised with them in their troubles, and always stood up for them when they were unkindly treated It must not be supposed, however, that he affected a superstitious reverence for Sacerdotalism. A man of his views and sentiments was not likely to fall into a weakness of that sort. Indeed, more than one Superintendent could testify, that feelings of that kind never injured Friend Manning. When convinced that he was in the right, he would stand to it in the face of all the itinerant preachers in the Connexion. "What is a minister but a man?" "No setting up of Popes." But he was as far from opposing a minister *because* he was a minister, as he was from agreeing with him for the like reason. He would not allow a preacher to be browbeaten. "Here they are," he would say, "all away from home amongst strangers. They have cast themselves into the midst of us in confidence, and shall we treat them unkindly?" A man by the name of Thomas Kirt, a local preacher of many years' standing, and a man of more than medium influence, just and upright in his worldly business, belonged to a class, who, it seems to me, are persuaded in their own minds, that it is their bounden duty to be severe on preachers. They appear to believe that they would incur guilt of the deepest dye should they allow to slip a chance of bringing a charge against a minister. Their duty is

to watch him in all his movements; at which good work they are "instant in season and out of season," and never "grow weary," but strive to "increase and abound yet more and more." This man had persevered in his duty for so long a time that he had become a real dread to all meek-minded men. Some bold ministers heeded him no more than they did "The crackling of thorns under a pot," but all preachers are not made of such hard stuff, and many a good man had he pained. He gloried to find that his words did "take effect"; and, to him, the most satisfactory Elders' and Quarterly-meetings were those at which he had been most successful in inflicting grief on these good men. Hence he was always on the look out for something to lay to their charge. Whatever went wrong it was always the Superintendent preacher's fault. No matter what! Seat-rents in arrears, quarterly contributions withheld, business disputes between members of the society, squabbles in choirs and Sunday-schools, &c., &c. If the preacher proffered his counsel, or interposed his authority, with the best of intentions, then Mr. Kirt would say, "What business has HE to interfere? His duty is to 'Preach the word.'" If the minister did not meddle—which is the wiser course in most cases—then he would say, "What are preachers for? Why it's no good in the world to go around the circuit preaching, unless the discipline of the Connexion be attended to."

One good and peaceable man had been in the

circuit nearly two years before Mr. Kirt could get hold of him. A want of success in his beloved employment occasioned Mr. Kirt considerable uneasiness, and stirred up his zeal to put forth extra efforts. Still nothing could the "accuser" find till one Sunday afternoon he was "greatly grieved to hear such an unprofitable sermon. Things the people knew nothing about. They did not understand them. He did not believe that, besides himself, there was one in the chapel who knew enough to be profited in the least degree. If that is the sort of preaching they must listen to, it was his opinion that they might as well lock up the chapels." It was at a meeting of chapel trustees that this gospel guardian vented the fulness of his soul upon the good man. Friend Manning rose to his feet: put himself in the attitude of a man in earnest, and said, "Mr. Kirt! Who made you a judge of what sort of preaching is most profitable? No one is bound to listen to what he does not like. You can stay away. If Mr. —— preached the same sermon there that he had preached to us in the morning, our congregation and you do very much differ. I have been looking out for something from you for sometime past. 'Tis time for you to begin. I wonder you had not found something before now. You'v' given us a long term of peace this time. But as to the 'unprofitable preaching.' Look here. You'v' been a local preacher fifty years, and you are proud to say so. One of the oldest in the county. You have travelled thousands

of miles and preached hundreds of sermons. Now, of course, you being an infallible standard of profitable sermons, your own are the very thing. Now, let me ask, where are the fruits? Point to the converts! I do not remember ever hearing anyone say, 'Thank God I ever heard Mr. Kirt; 'twas under his preaching that I got my good.'" Walter would have proceeded, for he was just in tune. The wanton onset upon the good minister had aroused his spirit; but Mr. Kirt said, "I shall not sit here to be spoken to in this manner." "Of course not," said Mr. Manning. "Your sublime majesty is not to be spoken to. You may annoy whom you will. But we do not intend to suffer your petty despotism any longer. And be assured of one thing more. You, with all your wisdom and zeal, will not get into heaven without LOVE—a quality which you do not, at present, possess."

Mr. Kirt had never been spoken to like this before. Consequently he was not prepared for so pointed and home-thrust a rebuke. He withdrew, deploring the degeneracy of the times, saying, "Oh, dear! It was not like this in Mr. Wesley's times."

As might be expected, Mr. Kirt would not "*Give anything*" for the support of such a preacher, nor attend any more business meetings with such an "*Unjust lot.*"

Walter, as well as the rest, was sorry at first for Mr. Kirt's leaving; but the peace and comfort enjoyed at all church meetings in his absence was so great a

contrast to the unpleasantness occasioned by this faithful "accuser of the brethren," that, when, at the change of itinerants a year after, he expected to return, the quarterly meeting opposed his re-entering, saying, "He is best where he is! We are peaceful and happy now, we never were before he left."

WALTER'S USEFULNESS IN

"Winning" *old sinners* was a remarkable feature in his life. He was never known to abandon a case when once he had taken it up. He was so much respected that no one would forbid his visits; and so congenial that the most bigoted and prejudiced could not be displeased with him long. One—of many—striking instances of this kind of usefulness was the case of Farmer ——, whose family survive and live in the same farm, so it might not be convenient to give the name. He was a confirmed inebriate. And when intoxicated he was an outrageous savage. Everyone must fly from him when he entered the house, or get a whack with his big walking stick. And if no one resisted him, he would carry on his wreck of matter and crash of crockery till not a sound thing remained within his reach. Often had he been seen, on the day following his drunken madness, drinking cider out of the largest shred to be found amongst the remains of his work of destruction. Being advanced in years, and obviously shortening his life by his excesses, inflicting his family with present misery and anticipated trouble, Walter took the case to heart: prayed to God about it, and re-

solved to do something. Reader, what would you do in such a case? And, alas! there are many such cases. And again I say, alas! because these victims of habit are aided by law to oppress, outwit, and grieve their friends and to destroy themselves! It is scarcely possible, in this country, to keep the victim and his curse apart. Unless absolutely deprived of liberty—which is not lawful—the confirmed drunkard will get drink.

To secure the co-operation of the household was Walter's first aim. He had many interviews with the wife. The religious sentiment—if that is the right name for it—was an obstacle first to be got over. The R—— family considered themselves "true church folks"; and would be offended greatly at the idea of association with the "Methodists," as such. Miller Manning, of course, did business with many church people, and had opportunity of intercourse which others had not. Still, he felt a difficulty in the way of attempting a reformation of character without exciting prejudice against his religion; which, in this case particularly, would be very undesirable, and, likely enough, bar his good offices altogether.

After much thought, Walter made up his mind to begin. And begin he did by talking agreeably about the "Church bells," and the "Ringers," and the antiquities of the church and its surroundings, and observed, with a heavy sigh, "Ah, many years, it is, since I used to go to church. It was when old Hezekiah Tournouth was clerk. You can remember

Hezek? Good natured old man as ever lived. Didn't he and parson B. like their cups? D'ee mind old Becky Noyle up at the 'Rising Sun'? And how the parson would insist upon it that Becky should come to confirmation; and how he tried to put her through her catechism in his parlour, in the presence of My Lord Bishop? And when he said, 'What is thy name.' She thought he was having a bit of fun, and said, 'Now, Measter, now.' Again he said, 'What is thy name?' And again Becky said, 'Now, Measter, now: so you say: when so many times, only last Saturday, you said, "*Rebecca*, fill the glass again!"' Then the Bishop seeing that the parson was confounded said, 'Oh, I see—she's weak'—meaning that her intellect was—but Becky said, 'Yes, sure: and yer honour's would be weak too if you'd had the stomach complaint so long as I have.'" With such tales of "old times" did Walter entertain and divert the farmer, till he invited Walter to accompany him and his family to church the next Sunday. He consented, and sat with them in their family pew, and was not allowed to part company till he had gone with them to dine.

After some few visits Walter ventured upon his real object, so, after a bit of agreeable chat, he said, "I want a favour, Mr. R——. Just one favour. Now, say you'll grant it." "Well," said Mr. R——, "I know you wouldn't ask anything unreasonable: but I know what 'tis! You'v' been with us to church, and you be going to ask me to go with you

to chapel now?" "No," said Walter, "'tisn't that —though I should be proud of your company. I'm going to ask you to give me a fortnight's holiday!" "A fortnight's holiday?" Mr. R—— said. "D'ee want to leave home for a fortnight? I am sure if I can help your folks in any way I will. A fortnight, or a month. To be sure I will. With all my heart." "I do not mean that," said the Miller. "I want a fortnight's real pleasure. To be right merry. Like the boys out of school. And if you'll promise not to drink for a fortnight, I know you'll keep your word, and I shall enjoy a fortnight's real holiday." "There now, father," said the wife. "To be sure you'll do that for Mr. Manning. How happy you two have been since he took to come up here." The farmer coloured and attempted to speak, but had nothing to say. "You will, I know you will," the miller added, "and we shall be as happy as old times." "Well then, well," Mr. R—— said, and paused as though it were too much to say. The Miller accepted this as a promise and was congratulating the farmer's wife on her husband's good resolution, when Mr. R—— added to his repeated "Well, then, well," another turn—like a boy taking a run, to leap a ditch, two or three times before he could venture to spring—"Well, then, I *wull!*" "Here, here! Good! Well done, father!" exclaimed all hands.

This was a good beginning. His neighbour being secure for a fortnight, Walter had breathing time, and a scheming time. The shelves and dressers

were furnished with earthenware and china. Walter went to church with them again, and made frequent calls; succeeded in "renewing the lease" fortnight after fortnight, till at length Mr. R—— was an established abstainer. In the mean while the sons and daughters became so attached to their deliverer that they lost all their religious bigotry and joined the Methodists.

SICKNESS AND DEATH OF THE SHIPWRECKED MOULDER.

This poor castaway, whose rescue from a watery grave has already been mentioned, was friendless, and all amongst strangers. His relatives, if he had any, were in or about Sheffield, but he had very imperfect knowledge of any of them. He had, he said, always been rather unsteady, and had wandered about the country nearly all his life; working a short time at a place, then going "on tramp." He had procured a passage to Hayle on board the unfortunate skiff, by the good nature of the old captain, and was going in the hope of getting work at the foundry. Now, here he lay at the village inn—friendless, penniless, and dying. His irregular mode of life had worn him down to a feeble old man betimes, as it appeared, from his own account, that he could not be over fifty or fifty-five at most, while his decrepitude would lead one to suppose him to be seventy or seventy-five.

He had no knowledge of God. And he would have died as he had lived—in the dark, but for his

providential contact with our dear friend Manning. His bodily necessities were well attended to—as is the case with every unfortunate one who falls among Cornish people—but to his eternal state there was no one to direct his mind. And he must have died in the dark, if it had not been for the faithful and affectionate attention of Walter, his temporal saviour.

At first he disliked religious discourse, and took offence at interrogation into the state of his mind. At Walter's request, the young itinerant preacher called at the Inn to see the poor castaway—as he was commonly called—and did his best to lead him to repentance. But, dear young man, he had no experience in such work. He could acquit himself well at an examination on Theology, Church history, English grammar, &c., he could read the first chapter of St. John's gospel in the original; but he could not do that for which only age and experience can qualify a man. So said he to the patient, "What is the state of your mind?" A long pause! No answer. "Do you know that you have 'passed from death unto life?'" A longer pause! "Have you the 'Witness of the Spirit?'" A still longer pause! The young man was evidently in difficulty, but, affecting great earnestness and solemnity, proceeded, "Do you confidently believe without a doubt that you are 'born again,' regenerated and sanctified?" Another short pause, after which the poor fellow, with a look of remarkable shrewdness, said, "Pray, *Sir*, who might your Reverence happen to be? Do

ye belong to the *quisitorial?* What d'ee mean by all these here cross questions? I seems to think as how you belong to the Roman crew. That's the wrong ship for me, I can tell ye." On being assured by the young preacher that he was not a "Roman," he observed, "Well, if you ar'n't a *Roman* you are a 'Rum 'un' and no mistake."

He manifested no change, however much his mind might be undergoing, till, one day, Walter by unavoidable occurrences was prevented from visiting him at the usual time, and called early next morning. As soon as he caught sight of his friend he said, "Where was ye yesterday? I's been fearing ye had forsaken me." On being assured of continued kindness from his fellow creatures, and infinite mercy from God, he burst out crying, "Oh, I'm too bad! Oh, I'm too bad! Oh, how can I ask God Almighty to forgive me?" The hardest part of the battle was now fought; friend Manning had no doubt of final and complete victory; and followed his work till he had the pleasure of the dying testimony of the power of saving grace, from the lips of this poor perishing soul rescued at the gates of death.

In answer to Walter's inquiries, he made the following statements a day or two before he died: "I was born about the year 1786. My parents were very poor. I had three brothers and two sisters. I was the youngest. The others had all gone from home years before me. All dead I reckon. I lived home till mother died. As soon as I was free, I left

home and have never stayed long at a place since. I never cared for more than one suit of clothes. As to Sundays: I believed that all religious people were the dupes of superstition and I hated them as hypocrites. That parsons and priests were all deceivers, and all religion mere gammon. But now I see there's a God! No man could do as you have done by me if he hadn't something in his heart more than can be got out o' this cold earth, that's certain. I used to believe that the doctrine of souls was all humbug. A man, and a dog, and a horse were all one when they were dead. But now I sees different. Thanks to God for sending you—and you for comin'. Why you see my body? Why half of me is dead (his feet and legs were senseless and motionless), but my soul is livin' more than ever. If nobody else got a soul, and if I didn't use to have any I got one now, that's cert'in. When my body was alive and well my soul —if I had one—was dead. Dead as death. Loved nobody. Feared nothing. Never knowed anything. Now I do. I know I've been a miserable sinner. And God IS, and heaven IS, Jesus IS. I love! I live and shall go to heaven!" "*Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?*"

CHAPTER VII.

WALTER AS POET.

MR. MANNING was not, in the highest sense of the term, a poet, nor did he fancy that he was. But he made some hymns which are not to be despised: a sample of which I think it would not be amiss to give.

THE ISRAELITISH SLAVE.

An Israelite sold for a slave!
  His house and inheritance gone,
At a time, when adversity grave
  Would leave him alternative none.
And now, far away from his home,
  He toils in the vineyard or field.
A mite he has not of his own,
  So to grief his proud spirit must yield.

His heart's full of sorrow! He moans!
  And the big tears roll from his eye;
He yearns for his freedom, and groans,
  And constantly breathes with a sigh!
He sighs for his home, his sweet home,
  For his wife, and his little ones dear:
Without husband and father to roam,
  Nor a friend, nor a comforter near.

Thus all the day long does he toil,
And, finding no hope to be free,
He bends himself down to the soil:
"I'm a slave! And a slave I must be.
The Jubilee year is gone by:
So to bondage for life I'm doom'd:
For, long ere another comes, I
Shall in the cold earth be entomb'd!"

But a Brother his sorrow has felt,
And will sell all he has to "Redeem."
His heart does with tenderness melt!
He exclaims—as his eyes pour a stream—
"Not so, son of Abraham, no!
My 'Kinsman,' my Brother art thou.
Any longer it shall not be so,
I'll sell all I have for thee now!

"I've bought it my Brother, and paid
Down the price of 'Redemption' for thee!
With joy therefore lift up thy head,
Again know what 'tis to be free.
That man now on thee has no claim,
I've the document signed by His hand;
Away to thy home let us aim,
To thy home in thy forefathers' land."

"Amazement hath seized me! My Brother?
My Brother! Oh, can it be you?
Am I dreaming? Or is it some other?
O! can it, O! can it be true?"
"Oh yes, dear, it is: come away!
The vile implements—leave them behind."
There now, in embraces, they stay,
While the thoughts of sweet home fill the mind.

Like that, we are "sold under sin,"
A voluntary forfeit have made.
But rejoice! We may all be redeemed,
A Brother the "ransom" has paid!
Redemption we have through His blood:
Forgiveness of sins that are past.
He'll bear us safe over the flood,
And land us in glory at last.

To heaven we then shall ascend
With all who in Jesus believe,
Possessions that never shall end,
And joy that we cannot conceive.
Yes, a house and a home in the skies—
For that is our own FATHERLAND.
And, even when suns cease to rise,
As firm as a rock it shall stand.

"THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES."

Behold a numerous host of bones—
All dry, disjointed, bleached and white!
What clashing swords, and dying groans,
What awful sounds and awful sight!
The battle day. Black sons of hell,
On which, by whom this army fell.

A host of bones! A valley long,
And broad, and deep; all full of slain.
A mighty people, valiant, strong,
Here fell. Unsepulchred remain.
A scene! The dying and the stream—the flood—
In crimson waves; a tide of blood!

"Can these bones live?" These mighty slain:
Disjoin'd, confused, and withered dry?
Can God re-animate again?
Spoil sin? And hell? And death outvie?
Arrange these bones so bleached and white,
And raise them into life and light?

HE CAN! At His almighty word
Emotion runs through all the dead;
They feel and hear their glorious Lord,
And, rising from their sunken bed—
Inspired by his all-potent breath—
Leap the dark vale of night and death.

"THE THRONE OF GRACE."

(Hymn Sung at Revival and other Meetings.)

Oh, the throne of grace! Oh, most hallowed place!
Whence the streams of refreshing flow
From His house above. It descends in love
And my heart does with fervour glow.
When appears Immanuel's blood—
Oh, sacred crimson flood—
It is then I come to God,
At the throne of grace,
I'll away to the throne of grace.

When I have no might; when I have no light;
When my heart is oppressed with pain;
When my pleasures fly, and my prospects die,
Even then, why should I complain?
When my comforts all shall fail,
And my friends nigh cease to hail,
And my foes shall all assail,
I've the throne of grace.

Precious Christ! Thy name, that remains the same;
And Thy blood in its crimson hue—
Flowing from Thy side that is opened wide
Is the way—ever living and new,
As it issues from Thy veins,
So it washes out my stains,
Till no sign of sin remains—
At the throne of grace.

By the blood divine, may this soul of mine
Enter into the holiest place
To be free from guile, with the Father's smile—
'Tis propitious to see His face—
Oh, 'tis here the Lord will meet,
And bless with pardon sweet—
Here at the mercy-seat—
At the throne of grace.

May we oft be fed with the hallowed bread,
And reside here until we die:
Till from earth we go, leaving all below,
And away to the throne on high.
Oh, 'tis here we hope to dwell,
Till in heaven we shall tell,
"He hath done all things well!"—
At the throne of grace.

When my soul's undress'd from this mortal vest,
And I'm clothed in robes of light:
From this house of clay, I shall vanish away,
And from mortals take my flight.
The celestial air shall ring,
As angelic voices sing,
When they see me on the wing,
From the throne of grace.

THE PREACHER'S PRAYER.

Thou great Eternal God Most High!
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
Let my petition pierce the sky,
And show the omnipotence of Thy word:
Thy word, O God, which wounds the soul—
Thy word—which makes the wounded whole.

In vain—Eternal Source of light—
Are all our tears, entreaties, cries,
To induce the sin-bound sons of night,
To turn to Thee their darkened eyes:
Do Thou but speak, Thou heavenly King,
And all Thy saints shall glory sing.

Shall glory sing to see them fall,
Imploring, at the mercy seat,
Yea, drinking down the bitter gall,
And agonizing at Thy feet:
That Thou—through Christ—should'st pardon give,
And speak the words, "Believe and live."

ANOTHER.

O God, Thy might upon these souls,
  For Jesu's sake, be brought to bear;
With grief for them my bosom swells,
  Heed, Lord, Thy worm's distressing prayer.

In vain we preach, in vain entreat,
  Their hearts they will not yield to Thee,
In them the devil has his seat,
  And they resigned his slaves to be.

Thy word we preach! Oh, where's its power?
  Its sin-subduing virtue—gone?
They hear, but harden more and more;
  And say, "In sin let us alone!"

But, Lord, canst Thou not break them down?
  And not their guilty souls alarm?
O rend the rocks! O melt the stone!
  O raise the dead! Make bare Thine arm.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

The gospel is a ship, they say,
  Provisioned by the God of love,
Bound to the realms of endless day—
  Those blissful shores of Peace above.

The Son of God her Captain strong,
  And—under thundering ports of hell,
Through hostile fleets—He steers along,
  And passes every danger well.

She's fully rigged, and ably manned—
  Her Captain does each sailor train—
By day and night He holds command,
  By day and night she ploughs the main.

This life's the sea, with ebbs and flows,
  And shoals, and deeps, and currents cross,
And storms and calms, or joys and woes,
  And ease and pain, and gain and loss.

No other ship can cross this sea !
  No other captain her can guide.
Of all the mariners that be,
  Christ only "rules the wind and tide."

Of all the ships that leave the strand,
  She only makes the heavenly shore !
The others wreck far off from land !
  Their sailors sink to rise no more !

SABBATH MORNING.

For the help of past six days,
  Here we offer heart-felt praise.
Here too, ev'n now, Thy blessing seek
  On the labours of the week.

Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire
  Through the Son to adore the Sire;
We will, on this holy day,
  Our sincerest tribute pay.

Christ, who was and is the same,
  Here we offer, through Thy name,
Sacrifices which shall be
  Now accepted, Lord, by Thee.

And we fall before Thy face,
  To implore forgiving grace;
E're Thou dost in judgment sit,
  All our sins, through Christ, remit.

We no holiness profess,
  We pretend no righteousness,
All our hearts are stained with sin,
  All defiled;—without, within.

Purity and grace Thy part—
  Ours the humble contrite heart,
Which we lay before Thine eyes—
  Sacrifice Thou'lt not despise.

Thus have we Thy day begun,
Worshipping, through Christ Thy Son:
To us peace and pardon give;
Let us to Thy glory live.

So will we our voices raise,
Oh, Jehovah, to Thy praise.
And throughout our lives we'll pray,
O supply us day by day.

ANOTHER ON THE SABBATH.

A glorious day is the "Sabbath of rest:"
When man throws away, from his care burthen'd breast,
Anxiety's pain, and lays down the charge,
His strength to regain, and his mind to enlarge.

All hail to the day! By heaven's design,
As mortals we pay to it honours divine.
With joyful emotion, O God, by Thy grace—
Perform its devotion, its blessings embrace.

Our hearts give Thee praise: our tongues sing for joy:
God of glory and grace, as thus we employ
The day Thou hast given, the day Thou hast blest,
Most precious of seven, the sweet day of rest.

O may we not fail—Benevolent King—
The blessings to hail, that Sundays shall bring.
But may we be jealous, from pleasure refrain,
Be constant and zealous, this boon to retain.

On Sabbath, Thy face, O God, may we seek;
Find pardoning grace for the sins of the week;
Through Christ, may we all the Atonement receive;
Restored from the fall, love, pray, and believe.

How sweet to the soul thus the Sabbath shall be,
When truly our whole is devoted to Thee.
Our sins all forgiven, we'll spend in Thy love,
One Sabbath in heaven: SWEET HEAVEN ABOVE.

POINTING TO THE LAMB.

Come, sinner, come, "Behold the Lamb,"
The Lamb that died for you;
On Calvary pouring forth His blood;
His love, how strong, how true!

There—down into the garden—look—
There, all amongst the trees,
There, where He walks across the brook,
Behold Him on His knees.

Hark, how He groans! Hark, how He sighs!
And see His sweat and blood!
And see His lifted hands and eyes,
And hear His cry, "My God."

Hark! What is it we hear Him say?
In grief and faltering breath,—
"Father, My soul is sorrowful,
Exceeding, unto death.

"O Father, if this bitter cup
May not My lips pass by,
Thy will be done. I'll drink it up.
To save the world I die."

With thorns, behold your Saviour crown'd;
The blood runs down His face;
His back is scourged; the ploughers plough:
He suffers in thy place.

His cross He bears, but faints beneath;
But's taken to the hill;
They nail Him through His hands and feet,
According to their will.

He's lifted up 'tween earth and heaven,
And, dying, prays for you;
"'Father, forgive them,' O forgive,
'They know not what they do.'"

Run, brother, run! See, brother, see!
His hands extended wide:
Look till you weep, go, kiss His feet,
And shelter in His side.

WALTER'S END.

Our dear old friend died on the 10th of April, 1875, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

He continued in his usually good health till about six weeks before his end. He had been troubled with a slight affection of asthma for a few years towards the latter part of his life, and taking a severe cold, became completely prostrated. He and his friends at once saw that recovery was altogether out of the question. And it seems to me almost superfluous to say that he bore his sufferings with patience. He could not be other than resigned. He did say, at one time, just the day (I think) before he breathed his last, "The silver sunbeam is mighty tough," (in allusion, we presume, to his vision or trance). "But," said he, "I'm in no hurry. Eternal life will be none the shorter for my few hours' struggling stay. And no one will run away with my crown; never fear. All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come. For, 'If we suffer with Him, we shall also be glorified together.'"

His sufferings were occasioned by a difficulty of breathing; but almost perfect relief from this was granted to him for two or three days, so that his friends began to fancy that he might rally even now. But one morning, after taking a cup of tea, his daughter heard a difference in his breathing, and on coming to him found him sleeping—as she thought —*but he slept* on!

LINES BY THE AUTHOR.

Good bye, dear old Walter. We'll meet thee again,
When, as thou, we the passage have made,
Though now we are toss'd on the boisterous main,
And thou at rest in the heav'nly glade.

We'll meet thee again, we'll meet thee above,
When the "Ship," which has borne thee safe home,
Shall make her return expedition of love,
Over billows, and surges, and foam.

Wilt thou meet us "Old Walter," on heaven's broad pier,
When the gallant craft comes alongside ?
Wilt thou greet us, dear Walter, with heaven's good cheer
When we've out-rode the winds and the tide ?

I fancy I hear thee "Come in, brother, come!"—
Thou didst learn how to welcome below—
With joy to receive me, and give me thy home:
Thou art not less congenial I know.

Good-bye for the present. It will not be long—
Old Chronos is speedy in flight—
And bears me along with his cheery old song,
(*God help me to sit him aright!*)

Thou art not so high, but I see, through the sky,
Thy features enamelled in light;
'Tis not many days, ere I join in the praise,
And walk about with thee in white.

May the chroniclers say of me, in that day,
Things worthy as I have of thee;
As clear be my track, as true be my way,
Till thy God and thy Saviour I see.

THE END.

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